

ENGLAND'S
JESTS

Refin'd and Improv'd

Being a Choice

COLLECTION

OF THE

Merriest Jests, Smartest Repar-
tee's, Wittyest Sayings, and most
Notable Bulls, dispers'd through
the several Tracts on those Subjects.

With many New Ones, never
before Printed.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

XII Ingenious CHARACTERS
Extrac'd from the Life

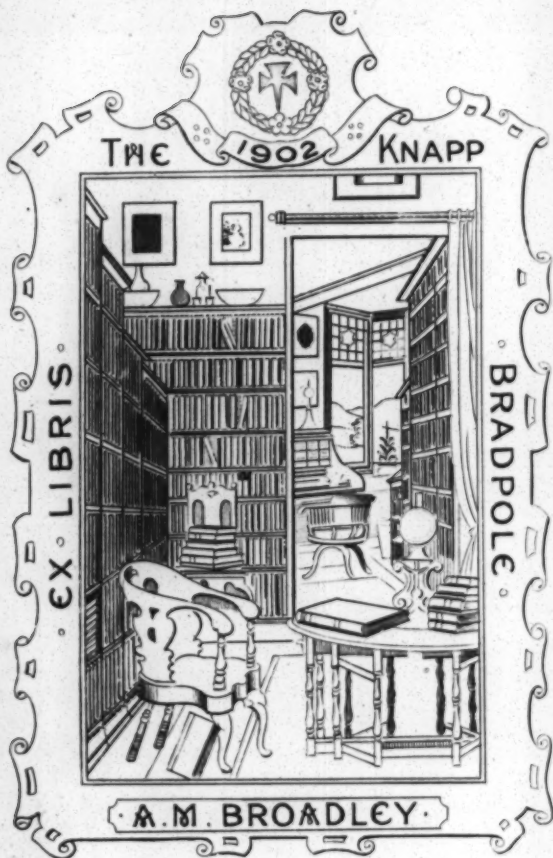
The whole WORK compil'd with great
Care and Exactness: And may serve as the
Witty-Man's COMPANION, the Busy-
Man's DIVERSION, and the Melancholy-
Man's PHYSICK and RECREATION.

Calculated for the Innocent Spending of the
Winter Evenings, By H. C.

Scenæ frons ævoque Rides Apollis, Horat.

London, Printed for John Harris, at the Harrowgate
the Church in the Poultry. 1687.

Printed by J. St. John.



243 JESTS.—England's Jest's Refin'd and Improv'd. Being

a Choice Collection of the Merriest Jest's, Smartest Repartees, Wittiest Sayings, and most Notable Bulls, dispers'd through the several Tracts on those Subjects. With many New ones, never before printed. To which are added, XII Ingenious Characters drawn to the Life. Calculated for the Innocent spending of the Winter Evenings, by H. C. London, John Harris, 1687. 12mo, FIRST EDITION, with the rare engraved frontispiece (mounted) containing portraits of Scoggin, Will Soomers, Arches, and other notable Jesters, old green morocco extra, gilt edges.

One of the scarcest of Jest Books; the Huth Catalogue contains the second edition only. The compiler is supposed to be Henry Crouch.

pp 100-1500
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first book
Shumway Sale

very scarce
with frontispiece.

Harvard E52

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Merriest Jests, Smartest Repar-
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XII Ingenious *CHARACTERS*
Brought to the Life.

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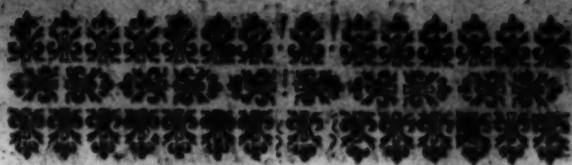
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Printed by J. B. at the Sign of the



LICENS'd,
And Enter'd according to Order.

Two
com
pos'
You
For
thei



THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

READER,

AS I know and own Plain Dealing to be a Jewel, so I were much to blame if I did not use it with You: Therefore as a taste thereof, there were Two Reasons that chiefly induc'd me to compile this small Piece, and which I propos'd to my self as the End thereof, viz. Your Pleasure, and my own Profit. For let Men pretend what they will for their Scribbling, as the Information, In-

A 2 struction,

To the Reader.

struction, or Obligation of their Friends and Countreymen, with Twenty other Reasons given for it; I must beg their Pardon if I can't screw up my Faith to believe e'm: For 'tis too plain that Interest sways the World, and that all sorts and degrees of Men, even from the Courtier to the Cocker, are its Votaries. You will not then admire if I propos'd it to my self; nor do I think that I stood in need of a Preface to convince you of it. But Custom calling for one, a Book being without it (as our Modern Wits say) Like a House without a Porch, or a Play without a Prologue, &c. Tho I must confess I am no great admirer of Prefaces, looking upon 'em, I mean, the generality of 'em, (for there are some that are Concise, Pithy and Instructive) to be for the most part Impertinent, Superfluous, and little to the purpose; stuf't with Flattery and Ostentation, and many times excessive long and tedious, like too much Ceremony before a good Feast; which by its long detaining a man, palls his Appetite: Notwithstanding which, I was willing to give you some short account of this Book; which you will find to be a choice Collection of the Merriest Jest,

To the Reader

Tests, &c. (as you may see in the Title Page, to which I refer you) Extracted from the several Authors that have written on those Subjects; Wherein their Gold is separated from their Dross, their Unpolite ones are Refin'd, their long and tedious ones Retrench'd, their Old ones render'd Modern, and those unworthy an Ingenious man's Reading, wholly left out; The Composure thereof, having cost me no small Care and Pains, as you may judge; that not only the reading over, but Critical Examination of the Books written (as aforesaid) on those Subjects, must needs amount to. But perhaps some carping Zoilus, or severe Cato, will either blame the Composure of these Tests, or utterly deny the usefulness of any. As to the first, I leave it to your Candor to judge of it, knowing that if you come to delight your Self with Ingenious Fancies, and not to Carp, you may find some in this Collection, of the Choicest, that may answer your Expectation: But if there still remain any that ought to be Expung'd, pass 'em by; and let the Merits of the Majority atone for their Defects. To the latter Objection against

To the Reader.

all manner of Jests, I think Example and Authority will be a sufficient Apology, especially since they do not interfere with Religion, or good Manners. But I leave the whole to your perusal; Hoping that as I have done what lay in my Power, to contribute to your Pleasure and Delight, so you will do your part, and show your kind acceptance thereof in buying it, especially when you may have it at so Reasonable a Rate as One Shilling.

Farewell,

H. C.

England's

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JESTS

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A Pelles the famous Painter, having drawn the Picture of Alexander the Great on Horse back, and presented it to him, he gave it not that Praise that so Exquisite a Piece deserved, whereupon Apelles desired a living Horse might be brought, who seeing the Picture, fell to Pawing and Neighing, taking it to be a real Rival. Upon which

B

Apelles

Apelles ingeniously told that Great Emperour, That his Horse understood Painting better than He.

2.

An ignorant Countrey-man coming to Town, went to *Covent-Garden*, to a Gentleman to whom he was directed; who out of civility to the Countrey-man, shew'd him what was remarkable thereabouts, as the *Piazza's*, and several Persons of Quality's stately Houses: At length he came to the Church, and the Countrey-man pointing to it, asked the Gentleman whose House that was? He told him it was *the Lord of Hosts*: The Countrey-man having never heard of such a Lord before, reply'd, *It was some Scotch Lord, he'd warrant him.*

3.

A Gentleman of Grays-Inn last Winter, desir'd another of the same Inn to lend him Baker's Chronicle for an hour or two: He sent him word, That he could not spare it out of his Chamber, but if he pleas'd to come thither, he might use it all day there. Not long after, the other Gentleman desir'd him to lend him his Bellows; he sent him word, *He could not spare them out of his Chamber, but if he pleas'd to come thither, he might use them all day long there.*

4.

A Mayor of a certain Corporation dining with the Aldermen his Brethren; after Dinner, to shew his Loyalty, began his Majesties Health on one Knee, and presented it to one of the Alder-

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men, whom he imagin'd to be no great Admirer of Health-Drinking; The Alderman took the Glass, and pledg'd him on both Knees; which the rest of his Brethren observing, the Loyal Mayor was not a little concern'd to be out-done (as he thought) by the Alderman, and ask'd him why he did it not as he had begun it, on one Knee? *Why truly* (says the Alderman) *one Knee was in Honour of the King, and the other to ask God Forgiveness for so doing: What,* (says the Mayor) *for doing the King Honour? No,* (says he) *not for that, but because I pledg'd a Health on that which I ought to pray on.*

5.

A man that had been a three-years Voyage at Sea, coming home, his vertuous Wife ran to meet him, and welcom him, with
a pretty

Refin'd and Improv'd

a pretty little Boy in her Arms, of half a year old ; which he perceiving, *Umph.* says he : And *Umph,* says she, again ; you might have come home sooner then : Why (says he) I came home as soon as my convenience would permit me : And I (said she) staid as long as my conveniency would permit me. Well then, says he, my Dear, pray tell me whose Child is this ? Why mine, says she ; and that which is mine, is yours ; for I can lawfully call nothing my own, but my Ring, Fillet, and Hairlace ; and therefore this Child is yours : How make you that out ? says he : Why thus, says she ; hold it in your Arms ; and as he took it, Now (says she) I freely give it you : Nay now, says he, I am satisfy'd 'tis mine ; therefore prethee get a good Nurse ; for I'll have none of my Children, that come so easily, nurs'd at home.

6.

A Spaniard and a Frenchman meeting in Covent-Garden, after the usual Complements pass'd between them, fell to disputing about Religion; *Why* (quoth the Spaniard) *will you contend with us about Religion? There are more Saints in Spain than I have Hairs on my Beard: And there are more in France* (said the Frenchman) *than I have Hairs on my Head and Beard too.* Then said the Spaniard, *Let the Contest be thus decided, I will pull a Hair off your Beard, for every Saint I name; and you shall pluck one off mine, for every Saint you name:* So the Frenchman began, and pull'd one off the Spaniard's Beard, crying *St. Dennis*; then the Spaniard doing the like, said, *St. Ignace*: The Frenchman pulling another, cry'd, *St. Martin*; the Spaniard,
St. Xa-

Rein'd and Improb'd. 37

St. Xavier; the Frenchman, St. Louis; the Spaniard, St. Terefe; the Frenchman, St. Clotilde; the Spaniard, St. Isidore; the Frenchman, St. Bun; the Spaniard pulling two at once, cry'd, St. Cosme and St. Philip; the Frenchman, resolving to be reveng'd, pluck'd off a whole Mustache, saying, *The Eleven Thousand Virgins*: Upon this, the Contest ended; the Spaniard not being able to endure or parallel so great a number.

7.

A Countrey-fellow thatching a House, had an arch Boy to serve him with Straw; now there comes by a great Hog, and turns up his Head, as if he were listening; says the Thatcher then to the Boy, *What does that Hog think now?* O (says the witty Rogue) *I'll warrant you he's hatching of Mischief*: And while

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he was busie at his work on the Ladder, the Boy hunted the Hog just towards it, and justling against it, down came the Ladder, and Man and all: Pox on you, says this Blockhead to the Hog, 'tis true as the honest Boy said, you were hatching of Mischief indeed; for I think my Shoulder's out; and if ever I thatch for any Body hereafter, I'll make my Bargain with them, that they shall all tye up their Hogs.

8.

Two young Scholars travelling from Roan to Paris, met a Coantrey-fellow riding upon an Ass, which brayed in such a manner, as if he had been over-joy'd to be in such learned company: These Students thinking to put a Trick on the Fellow, said, Friend, why do you let your Brother cry so? Can't you find out some way to still and quiet him?

The

Refin'd and Improb'd.

The Fellow, who was none of the dullest of the Parish that he dwelt in, answered, *My Ass, Sirs, is so extreamly pleas'd to meet with his Relations and Old Acquaintance, that he cou'd do no less than sing a Song of mirth and merriglee, in testimony of your hearty Welcome to him.*

9.
One told a Gentleman, That he wou'd willingly marry; but he wou'd have a Wife that was perfectly good: To whom the Gentleman reply'd, *That if none but such a one wou'd serve his turn, he must bespeak her, for there was no such ready made.*

10.
Two young Students were in a deep dispute about the Man in the Moon, whether he was a Gentleman or a Citizen; and after

B 5 — a great

a great many Pro's and Con's between them, one of them very wittily solv'd it thus: *When the Moon was at Full, then there was a Gentleman in her; but when she appear'd with two Horns, then he might swear there was a Cit in her.*

II.

Three Souldiers talking together, were over-heard by a Courtier to say thus: One said, *Had he a Thousand Pound, he should be happier than the King;* the other said, *Were he a Captain under the King, he should be happier than he;* the third said, *That had he one Nights Lodging with the Queen, he should be the happiest man in the World.* The Courtier related this to the King, and his Majesty (for Divertisement) sent for the three Souldiers the next day before him; and commanded them to tell him what they said the night

night before, at such a time. The first, fearing the Kings displeasure, said, That he had indeed rashly said, *That if he had a thousand Pounds, he should be as happy as the King* ; so the King commanded that a Thousand Pounds should be given him : The Second begg'd his Majesties Pardon, for his bold saying, *That had he a Captains Command under him, he should be as happy as he* ; then the King conferr'd that honourable Office upon him. Then the third fell down upon his Knees, imploring his Majesties Pardon, for that he had said, *That if he lay one Night with the Queen, he should be the happiest man in the World* : Well, said the King, *that is not in my Power to grant ; but if thou canst get her consent, thou hast mine* : So he brought him before his Queen, and told his Petition ; but the Queen, to shew
that

that our desires ought to be plac'd on suitable Objects, caus'd him to be soundly whipt.

12.

A witty young Fellow was try'd for his Life, since his Majesties Restauration; and being cast, they told him he must be hang'd: But he pleaded in his own defence a long time; at last, desir'd the Judge, *That if he must be hang'd, he might be hang'd after the new way that Oliver was, three or four years after he was dead.*

13.

One that was advis'd to marry a Widow, reply'd, That they were too Politick a Generation for him; which he prov'd by Similies: *Many Voyages* (said he) *make an expert Seaman, many Offices, a Crafty Knave; and many Marriages, a Cunning False Widow.*

A Justice of Peace overtaking a Parson upon the Road between London and Bow, told his Company that he would put a Trick upon him; and so coming up to him, said, *Sir, You don't follow your Masters Rule, for he was content with an Ass, but you have a very fine Horse*: The Parson reply'd, The Reason was, because the King had made so many Asses Justices, that a Clergy-man could not get one to Ride on.

A young Gentleman of the Temple, left a Note in the Key-hole of his Chamber-door, thus, *I am gone to the Devil; but if you cannot Read, carry it to the Stationers at the Gate, and he will do it for you*.

16.

A Rich man, in the Countrey, who was never thought to be one of Solomon's Offspring, went with his Wife to see a Child of his at Nurse; when he came, he very wisely ask'd the Nurse, whether she was a Maid or married? she replied she was married; says he, *Ile have no married Woman, Ile have a Maid to be my Chila's Wet-Nurse: Truly Sir, says she, then you had best bespeak one at London, for we have no such ready made here in the Countrey.*

17

A Valiant Fellow who had been in the West, was met by a Gentleman here, who ask'd him what exploit he had done there? he answer'd, *That he had cut off one of the Rebels Armes; the Gentleman replied, That it had been something*

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thing if he had cut off his head: O (said he) you must consider his head was off before.

18.

When Metellus Nepos ask'd the famous Roman Orator, in a jeering way, who was his Father? he replied, Your Mother has made that question harder for you to answer.

19.

A Rich Blade, that was a very great Eater, came to a Gentleman's house to Court his Daughter: the Gentleman out of Civility, desir'd him to stay & dine with him, which he did, and eat very heartily: after dinner, he began to speak to the Lady about the matter, & having utter'd several expressions of his passion; he protested that he lov'd her as his own Soul; to whom she wittily replied, But not so well as your Body, Sir.

20.

A Gentleman coming into London out of the Countrey, as he came by *Stepny Church* his horse threw him, which a young Gentlewoman seeing, fell a laughing: the Gentleman being angry that she jeer'd him, said, *Pray admire not at this, Madam; my Horse always stumbles when he sees a whore.* To which she answered merily, *Have a care then, Sir; for if you ride into the City, you'll break your Neck.*

21.

A sharpening Scholar of *King's Colledge* in *Oxford*, being in the Kitchen and seeing the Cook take up a Plumb-pudding out of the Pot, watching his opportunity, while the Cook's back was turn'd; he whipt up the Pudding, into his own Chamber: which the Cook

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Cook presently missing, runs up into the Scholars Chamber, and search'd all about for it, but could not find it; the Scholar swore it was not in his Chamber (though the Cook smelt it) for he had ingeniously hung it out of his window, which when the Cook was gone, he pull'd in, and eat as ingeniously.

22.

One desiring a pretty Maid to go to a Gentleman and kiss him, *Nay Sir* (says she very wittily) *I'll ne're go to Market for that Ware, which I can have brought home to my Door.*

23.

At the Battel of *Newport*, the Prince of *Orange* having the *Spanish* Army before him, and the Sea behind, said to his Soldiers, *Gentlemen, if you have a*

mind to live, you must do one of these two things; either eat those Spaniards, or drink up this Sea.

A London Scrivener dying in Cambridg, a merry Fellow writ thus over him: Know all men by these presents, That I that have bound so many, am now bound fast my self, by a Gentleman of an Ancient Family, whose Name's Mr. Death, who brought me my last Sheet, and to my last full point. And though I was never guilty of any great Wickedness, yet I often made many a blot, which my Daughter Pen was the occasion of: I gave no bad Example to any, but good Copies to all: I was not unlearn'd neither, because I always dealt in good Letters, and was a Justice of Peace in my own dominions; and

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and though I cou'd not hang,
(except an Arse sometimes, when
my own money was to be Paid)
yet I cou'd draw: I made all
Bond-men but my Apprentices,
for those I made Free: And af-
ter I had finish'd all my Letters,
this Mr. *Death* threw some dust
upon 'em, and as I was making
Bonds, assaulted me with Bills,
and at last Seal'd the Letters of
my Eyes quite up, and then
sent me away to my long-home.

25

A *Welsh*-man that was con-
demn'd to be Hang'd, just be-
fore he was to be turn'd off, the
Hang-man ask'd him if he had
any thing to say; he answer'd,
he had a desire to speak with
some of his Countrey-men, be-
fore he died (if there were any
there) so the Hang-man call'd
to know if there were any there,
he

he shou'd hold up his Hand. It happened that there was one there, so the Hang-man told him that the poor man wou'd speak with him; so he drew near, and the *Welsh*-man ask'd him if he knew such and such in *Wales*, he replied he did; Then says the *Welsh*-man, you know my Father and Mother, who I am certain will be very sorry to hear of my misfortune; but pray, to comfort them, tell them that I die a very good Christian, and am inform'd that I shall go to Heaven, and I hope they will follow me thither the same way.

When Charles the Bald was Emperor and King of France, one *Johannes Erigena* a Scots man, for his great Learning had the honour to sit at Table with the Emperor; but being very un-

Refin'd and Implo'd

ungentiel in his behaviour, the Emperor ask'd him, *Quid interest inter Scotum & Sotum?* Which in English is, *What's the difference between a Scot, and a Sot?* To which he readily, (but rudely) answer'd, *Mensa*; that is, *The Table*: thereby calling the King Sot, by craft.

27

Another time this *Johannes*, who was but of little Stature, din'd at the King's Table, with two other Scholars who were tall men. The Emperor set him a Dish with two great Fishes and one small one, bidding him divide them between himself and the two Scholars; whereupon *Johannes* took the two large Fishes and laid them on his own Plate, and gave the small one to the two Scholars. The Emperor smiling, said, *In faith Mr. Johan-*

Johannes you are no equal divider :
That's your Highnesses mistake
 (said he) and pointing to him-
 self and the two great Fishes,
 said, *Here are two great, and one*
little; and on the other side, is one
little, and two great.

28.

One going in the dark, held
 both his Arms out to save's face,
 and coming accidentally against
 the door, which it seems stood
 flanting out, he hit his Nose a
 good blow against it, *Hey ho,*
sayes he, I never thought my Nose
was longer then my Armes till now;
but if ever I go in the dark again,
I'll have a Candle in my hand.

29.

A noted Countrey Gentleman
 blaming a Comickall Poet for
 bringing a leud debauch'd Rus-
 sian on the stage, and so gave bad
 exam-

23 **Reb'd and Improb'd.**

example to young men, Truly, Sir,
(said he) I brought such a man on,
but I hang'd him before he went off,
and so gave them a good example.

30.

An Englishman and his Wife
lodging at a Frenchmans house
in Paris, the Englishman's Wife
cried out in the night; so he ran
up stairs to acquaint the midwife
who lay there, of his wives con-
dition, and went down to inform
his Lanlord and Lanlady of it; so
he stood by their bed side shive-
ring in his shirt, for it was in a
cold winter night; but could not
speak French, and so had much
a do to make them understand
him; at last he did: his Lanlady
pitying him, said to her husband,
*Præthee, my Dear, let him come into
Bed to us, and lye till daylight, seeing
it is so cold, and that he cannot in
Civility go into his own Chamber;*

you

24. **England's Jests**

you need not fear any thing since you are in Bed with me: so he consented to it, and the Englishman came and lay down on the other side of the Woman; the Frenchman being tir'd, soon fell fast asleep, the Englishman presently grew warm, and began to caress the Frenchwoman; the motion of the bed, which was caus'd by their amorous engagment, wak'd her husband, he call'd out, Wife, Wife, what are you doing? Why what wou'd you have me do, said she, if I should speak to him, you know he can't understand a word of our Language.

31
A Countrey Gentleman being at Dinner in London, with several Gentlemen of his Acquaintance, one of them, whose Name was Chambers, thinking to put a Jeque upon him, ask'd him why

why he wou'd not live in *Lond* in the Winter, where he might find all sorts of Company to fit his humour? I wou'd Sir, says he, if I cou'd find a House fit for my turn. Says Chambers, I can help you to one that has three Rooms of a Floor, but 'tis built of Wood. Where is it, says the Gentleman? Says he at Tyburn: 'Tis true indeed, says the Gentleman, 'tis a convenient House, and stands in a good Air: for it will quickly Cure a Man of all Diseases, and for a House that is but one Story high, 'tis a very good one indeed, and wants nothing in it but Chambers.

An Extravagant young Heir, having sold all his Lands to maintain his Debauchery, fell Sick and sent for a Physitian, who perceiving that his Distem-

per arose from ill humours, contracted by his Intemperance, order'd him to be let Blood, and coming to see it, he told him it was very green. *Alas Sir,* says he, *how can it be otherwise, when I have Eaten up all my Medows and Corn-fields?*

33.

A Doctor of Divinity, that had a good Estate, and no Child, resolv'd to make himself memorable to posterity, by some publick Charity; and so order'd a Cause-way to be made to a Market-Town, for the security of Travellers in the Fenny-Country. As the Laborers were at Work, the Doctor being there to oversee them, a Noble-Man came by, who had no great esteem for Men of his Coat, and said jeeringly, *Doctor, for all the Cost you have been at, I don't think*

think this is the way to Heaven. I am of your mind (quoth the Doctor) for then I cou'd not have expected to meet your Lordship here.

34.

A Quaker being in Bed with his Wife, in the middle of the Night she pull'd him, saying to him thus, *Awake, Ebenezar, awake: What say'st thou, the Wife of my Bosom, says he? Arise quickly, says she, and go to the next Room, and nigh unto the place that pays Tribute to Cæsar, there standeth a Wicker-Chair, thereon hangeth my Red Petticoat; take from thence two Farthings, and go to our Friend Theophilus the Tallow-Chandler, and buy therewith two Candles; light one of them, and spring in hastily, for I fear our youngest Son Aminadab has Besbit himself.*

C 2

35. One

35.

One was saying that he thought in his Conscience, that his Neighbour *Thomas* was a Cuckold. Says his Wife to him, *Husband, why do you say so? You are such another Man.*

36.

A Constable carrying a big-belly'd wench before a Justice, said to him; *An't please your Worship I have brought you a maid with Child:* whereupon the wench call'd him Fool and Knave; being reprov'd by the Justice, she answer'd thus: *Sir, this Constable must be one of them; for if I am a Maid, he is a Fool to think I can be with Child: and if I am not with Child, he is a Knave for saying so.*

37.

Two Gentlemen quarrelling,
the

Besin'd and Improb'd. 37

the one gave the other a Challenge to meet him at Six a Clock the next morning at such a place, upon his honour: *Hang Honour*, says the other, for we both are but worshipfull; and you know 'tis not my custom, and I know 'tis not yours neither, to rise before Eleven or Twelve a Clock; therefore pray let us consider whether we shou'd break our Rest to break our Limbs. The other told him, If he did not meet him, he'd Post him: Well, said he to him, if you do, I'll ride Post out of Town, and stay there till your furie's over.

38.

An Oxford Scholar going a long *Fleet-street*, was met by a huffing Fop, who thrusting between the wall and him, jostl'd him almost to the Kennel, saying (with a no-Sir-Courtley-Face) I don't use to give the Wall to every

Sawcey Loggerhead : To whom the Scholar, with Cap in hand, replied smartly, *But I do.*

39.

A Proper Tall Gentleman that had married a very little Woman to his Wife, being ask'd the reason of it, he replied, *That of all Evils, it was always best to choose the least.*

40.

A Countrey man coming up to London, a little after the rebuilding of it, to see a Friend who made great Complaint of his own particular loss, as well as of the loss of so stately a City : *As for your own loss,* says the Countreyman, *I am very sorry for it, but as for the Loss of your City, I can't tell what to say; for who wou'd be troubled to have a good new suit for an old one?*

41. An

41.

An Arch Wag speaking of the late dreadfull Fire of London, said, Cannon-street roat'd, Wood-street was burnt to Ashes, Bread-street was burnt to a Coal, Pie-corner was over-bak'd, and Snow-hill was melted down.

42.

An old Gentleman was chid by a neighbour for marrying a young Girl; to whom he replied, She'll be a Woman to morrow; for, says he, Wives are young mens Mistresses, Middle-ag'd mens Companions, and old mens Nurses; and will you blame a man to have a nurse in his old Age? No, says he, I don't blame you for having a Nurse, but for your not Providing for Heaven; but that your Wife must do, for says he, Don't you know whether all Cuckolds go? O, says the old Gentleman, Now

you put me in mind on't, 'tis true; for I have heard your Wife say some years ago, that she was sure her husband wou'd go to Heaven; and now I find which way; and mum for that, my dear neighbour too.

43.

A Highway-man being to be hang'd in a Countrey Town, Order was sent to the Carpenter to make a Gallows; which he neglecting to do, the execution was forc'd to be defer'd, for which the Judge was not a little angry, who sending for the Carpenter, ask'd him why he had not done it? *Why Sir, said he, I have done two or three already, but was never paid for them; but had I known it had been for your Worship, I wou'd have left all other business to have done it.*

44. One

Refin'd and Improb'd 33

44.

One ask'd a Gentleman if he'd venture any thing at the Lottery this Fair, and what he won, his Wife shou'd have for her fairing? *No, says the Gentleman, for there's not one in forty has any luck but Cuckolds; which his sweet Wife hearing, said, Dear Husband, Pray venture, for I'm sure you'l have good luck.*

45.

A silly Fellow hearing a Lady's servants call her *Madam*, at every word, he thought to be more mannerly then they, and therefore made an Addition of Mistress to it, saying, *Mistress Madam, an't please your Ladyship.*

46.

One that had a confounded Scold to his Wife, being continually

C 5

nually

nually tormented with the perpetual Clack of her Tongue, wish'd one day, *That she was in Heaven*; she knowing thereby that he had a mind to be rid of her, in a great Rage told him, *She had rather see him Hang'd first.*

47.

A Lords Son in the *North*, that was much addicted to the Pleasures of *Venus*, haunted all the pretty Girls thereabouts, but especially one above the rest, that was a very handsom Maid, and a Farmers Daughter who was his Father's Tenant; which gave him the more liberty of Courting her; and having Importun'd her very much, yet she would not grant: At last he promis'd her Marriage, and thereby had the pleasure of Enjoyment: But his Father and Mother fearing that he wou'd make
up

Refin'd and Improb'd.

up a Match with the Farmers Daughter, by going to often thither, sent to another Lord that liv'd five Miles off, to Treat with him for his Daughter, who was a pretty Woman also, for his Son. So they soon agree'd, and the Marriage day was appointed, and the young Blade was Riding with his Man to the Bride-House; but the Farmer and his Daughter had way-laid him: The Farmer ask'd him, *What satisfaction he shou'd have for the wrong he had done his Daughter?* Well, says he, *There's forty Guineys for you, and I'll give you a Bond, to make it up a hundred Pounds, to be paid in three Months, if you'll be contented.* So the Bond was making under the Hedg, and the People at the Bride-House admiring at his stay, sent one to see; who when he came, found him *indeni-*
dening;

decenting with the Farmer and his Daughter under the Hedg. So when he had done, he Rid away to the Bride-House as fast as he cou'd Gallop, and soon after was Married to the Lady; and when they were abed together, he began to Kifs her: Pray, says she, resolve me one Question first: What made you under the Hedg with the Farmer and his Daughter so long? Why, says he, that do's not concern you at all. Well, says she, I will know, or else you and I shall be at a distance. Why then, says he, if you won't be angry, I'll tell you. Well, I will not, says she, let it be what it will. Why then, says he, I got the Farmers Daughter with Child, and she was such a fool to tell her Father of it. So she was by my Troth, says she, for my Fathers Man got me with Child above a Twelvemonth ago, and you are the first that I ever told of it.

48. An Ignorant Fellow, having got in to be Reader in a Country-Church; the first Chapter of *Mathew*, being appointed to be Read, which contains the Genealogy, and is full of hard Names: He began with *Abraham* begat *Isaac*, and so read on three or four more, till he was quite nonplus'd; but casting his Eyes forward, *And so*, says he, *they begat one another to the end of the Chapter.*

49. A Knight in *Northamptonshire*, that had three Sons, and no great Estate, told his youngest Son that he must needs bind him an Apprentice, and bid him chuse his Trade. The Boy being of a smart and ingenious temper, told his Father he'd be a Tanner. *Push*, says he, that's a nasty

a nasty Trade: That's true, says he; but yet 'tis the most convenient Trade for me of any; because you have but a little to give me, and *three Hides will set me up.* What Hides are those, says his Father? *Why Sir,* Replied the Boy, *Tours and my two Brothers.*

50.

An Impudent Fellow having several Indictments brought against him, the Judge seeing the Notoriousness of his Crimes, said, *Sirrah, if you ben't Hang'd, I'll be Hang'd for you:* To whom the Rogue Replied, *I thank your Honour, for your kind Offer; pray be not out of the way when that time comes.*

51.

A Gentleman of *Lincoln's-Inn*, hearing of the Death of his Father, in the Countrey, was not a little concern'd, as not know-
ing

ing how he had left his Estate. An Intimate Friend of his seeing him, said, *Cheer up, Jack; if your Father has left you a good Estate, you have no great cause to grieve; and if he has given you nothing, who'd grieve for such a Father?*

52.

A Ranting Bully Drinking a Health to a Sober Man, he refus'd to Pledg him; upon which he wish'd this Curse might light upon him, *That in a dark and cold Rainy Night, he were set upon a tir'd Jade, bare Ridg'd, in a dirtie Lane, with a Pockey Whore behind him, and his own Bones rotten, and seven Miles from any House, not knowing one step of the Way, and with never a Pennie in his Purse, both Hungrie and Thirstie.* Hold Sir, says the Man, there's enough already: I thank you for your good wishes; but
hope

40 **England's Jest**

hope in a little time you'll enjoy
em all your self.

53.

An Arch Fellow in *Oxford*,
took a great many Rams horns
in his Basket, and went about
the City with them, crying, *New
Fruit, new Fruit in Winter*; this
made many People call to him,
and amongst the rest a Lawyer,
who seeing his Ware, laught at
him, saying, You fool, who do
you think will buy your Horns
of you? *O Sir*, replied he, *Though
you are Provided, yet I may meet
with some that are not.*

54.

A Gentleman told his Cook
that he wou'd dine on a Venison
Pasty, and so order'd him to pro-
vide one; which he did, with two
or three other dishes preliminary
to it. So when the dinner was
ready,

Refin'd and Improb'd. 41

ready, he brought it up in order; the first dish was a good Surloin of Beef, which he set upon the Table before the Gentleman, which as soon as the Cooks back was turn'd, he took and threw out of the Window; then the Cook brought up the second Course, which was a Leg of Mutton and Colly-flowers, which he sent out of the Window after the other; then the Cook brought up the Venison Pastty, and threw it out of the Window, after the other two dishes; which his Master storming at him for, asking him the reason of it, says he, *I thought your Worship intended to dine below, because you sent the dishes down.*

55.

Two Persons who had no great kindness for one another, being invited to dinner together by a Knight, who had a mind to be merry

merry. Now they were both pretty witty ; but one was slovenly, and the other spruce and neat : the spruce man was there first, and when the other came, he ran to the door to salute him and conduct him in, and thinking to make a Jest, on his uncourtly habit, started back, saying, *I thought to have met a worthy Doctor ; but I doubt in his stead I accost a Butcher.* The Doctor (who very well understood Repartee's) answer'd, *Sir, I can't blame you for being surpriz'd, because 'tis natural for horned Beasts to dread the Butcher :* which to one married under Capricorn, was a very close Repartee.

56.

One held a Paradox, that *Wise men were the greatest Lyars ;* for says he, the Proverb says, *Children and Fools speak Truth.*

57. A

57.

A Certain Person speaking un-
seemly words before a Gentlewo-
man, she ask'd him what professi-
on he was of? *Madam*, said he,
I'm a Civil Lawer. Alas, Sir, repli-
ed she then, *If Civil Lawyers are*
such rude People, I wonder what
other Lawyers are.

58.

Socrates being ask'd why he suf-
fered so much brawling from his
Wife: says he, *Why do you suffer so*
much Kackling of your Hens?
Because they lay eggs, says he. *And*
I from my Wife, replied *Socrates*,
because she bears Children.

59.

At a market Town in *Sum-*
merfet-shire there liv'd a Qua-
ker that was a Barber, to whom
the Parson of the Parish came,
demand-

demanding Fifteen shillings of him for Tythe; The Quaker told him he ow'd him none, nor none wou'd he pay him: He told him 'twas his due, and if he wou'd not give it him by fair meanes, he'd make him do it by foul. The Quaker ask'd him for what it was due? he told him for Preaching, & Reading divine Service, and other Ministerial Duties in the Church: Why, says the Quaker, I never came there: You might if you wou'd, says the Parson, the Door stands open. Soon after the Quaker hearing that he was suing him for the money, enters an Action also against the Parson for Fifteen shillings; The Parson hearing of it, went and ask'd him how he came to owe him Fifteen shillings? he told him for Trimming: Why, says the Parson, I was never trim'd by you in my life;

Believ'd and Improv'd. 45

life: *You might if you wou'd, says the Quaker, my Door stands open.*

60.

A Doctor of Physick in Oxford that us'd to salute every one he met, with these words, *I am verry glad to see you well*; A Student, a Gentleman of good quality, whom he so greeted, told him ingeniously, *He believ'd he ly'd, for the World went ill with him when People were well.*

61.

One perswaded a man to hang his Dog that had done some mischief, *I am loth to hang him, says he, but I'll go among his Neighbours and give him an ill name, and that's as bad.*

62.

A French Captain having been a long time closely besieg'd in a place where for four months he
eat

eat nothing but Horse-flesh; at length being reliev'd, he repair'd to his former Mistress, thinking to enjoy the same dalliances and careffes that he was formerly bless'd with: But she having bin inform'd how he had far'd since his departure; Hold, says she, *Monsieur*; for tho I have a mind *to be gotten with Child*, yet I'm resolv'd *never to be gotten with Colt*.

63.

A covetous Tradesman had a mind to be married, but was afraid of the charge of having Children too fast; at last he resolv'd to be marry'd, and agreed with his Wife that they wou'd lie together but once a fortnight; and, says he, I intend to get ev'ry fortnight a Joynt of the Child from Head to Foot; so by that device we shall not have too many Children: But I do it, my Dear,

Dear, to ease thee in the bearing of e'm, which you know would be no small trouble to you. After Marriage, it seems he lay with her the first night, and I can't tell how it came about, but at 40 weeks end she was brought to bed of a brave Boy: Why how now Wife? says he, this is not according to my expectation: Yes Husband, says she, but I may thank good Neighbours, or else for ought I know we might have had a Deform'd Child.

64.

The King of Spain coming into one of his chief Cities, the Mayor came to make a speech, and began thus: *When the King of Peace rode to Jerusalem*; but being dash'd out of Countenance, he said again, *When the King of Peace rode to Jerusalem*, and so the third time, but cou'd not

48 **England's Jest**

not proceed: Then the King turning to his Courtiers, said, *We may easily imagine this Man to be an Ass by the Consequent.*

64.

Mr. Philemon Holland having Translated several Books, as Plutarch, Pliny, Livy, Cambden, &c. at length he Translated Suetonius Tranquillus into English; upon which, an ingenious Blade writ this Distich on him:

*Philemon with Translations doth
so fill us,
He will not let Suetonius be Tran-
quillus.*

65.

A Gentleman going into a Church in London, when they were chaunting Sternhold's and Hopkins's Psalms, which are not the most Melodious in the World, the Words were these, *Have
merc,*

Refin'd and Improb'd 49

*mercy upon us Miserable Siners ;
Ay, (says he) they might as well
have said, Have mercy upon us
Miserable Singers.*

66.

Two Sparks standing together in the *Cloysters*, seeing a pretty Lady pass by, says one of them, *There goes the handsomest Lady that ever I saw in my life :* She hearing him, turn'd back, and seeing him very ugly, said, *Sir, I wou'd I cou'd in way of Requital say as much of you :* Faith, says he, *so you may, and Lye as I did.*

67.

A Poor Man in *Smithfield* having a mind to Bind his Son to a Butcher ; but being solicitous to get a Master of whom he might learn his Trade well, he ask'd his Friend, who was an Ingenious Gentleman, and had great Ac-

D

quaintance,

quaintance, to whom he shou'd Bind him ? O, says he, *there is a Physitian hard by you, Bind him to him ; for he Kills more then all beside in the Town.*

68.

A Gallant, Dining at a Friends House, had promis'd a Lady to meet her in the Afternoon ; but being engag'd after Dinner at Cards, cou'd not fairly get away ; wherefore he call'd his Boy, and sent him to the Lady to Excuse him ; whispering him in the Ear, that what ever Answer the Lady return'd, he shou'd tell it him as if 'twere from a Man ; that the Company might not know. So the Boy went on his Errand, and a little after return'd to his Master, who ask'd him aloud before the Company, *What, was the Gentleman at home ?* Yes Sir, answer'd the Boy : *Well, what*

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what said he to you ? He said, Sir, you might appoint any other time : What was he doing , says the Gentleman : He was putting on his Hood and Scarf, to go to Mass, says the Boy, which discover'd the Intreague, and set them all a Laughing.

69.

A Woman asking her Husband for some Money to buy a broad Silver and Gold Lace, to put on her Petticoat, he replied thus to her, *If I once make you a Gold-finch, you will prove a Wag-tail all your life after.*

70.

One that was a great Eater, sitting down to Supper, complain'd that he had lost his Stomach. *Well, says a merry Fellow that was there, If a Poor Man has found it, he'll be utterly undone.*

D 2

61. A

71.

A Bishop being inform'd by his Steward of the greatness of his Expence, that it was overproportionable to his Estate; and that particularly the number of his Servants was too great: the Bishop order'd him to draw up a Note, of such as were necessary, and such as were not; which being done, he Summoned all his Servants together, and reading the Note, separated them; and then said, *These I have need of, and therefore they must continue; those have need of me, and therefore they must continue also.*

72.

Just after the late Kings Restauration, when going to Church came to be in fashion, an old Woman was advis'd by her Neighbours to go to Church; for

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for fear of being Presented, she was resolv'd to go once a Month to save her Bacon: So Dressing her self very fine, she came in to the Church just at the Expiration of the Letany, and the Parson having said, *Lord have Mercy upon us*, and then the People Responding thereunto; she Cry'd out aloud, *I never was here before in my Life, and since you make such a Wonderment at it, I'll never come again.*

73.

Two Gentlemen walking in Cheapside, in Oliver's time, saw the Sign of the *Golden-Cross*; One of them profer'd to lay two Bottles of Wine with the other, that he wou'd make the Master of the Shop pull down the Sign: The Wager being laid, he pulls off his Hat, and makes half a dozen Leggs to the Sign, first on one

D 3

side,

side, and then on t'other, which the Master of the Shop seeing, thinking to prevent his future superstition, suddenly pull'd down his Sign, whereby the Gentleman won his two Bottles.

74.

A Minister finding his Parishioners to be Ignorant, was resolv'd to Examine and Instruct them at home; so going to an Ancient Womans house, amongst other Questions, he ask'd her howmany Commandments there were? She told him she could not tell: He told her there were Ten: Whereat she reply'd, *A Jolly Company! God Bless you and them both together.*: Well, but Neighbour (says he) Do you think you can keep these Commandments? *Ah! God Bless you, Sir, (said she) I am a Poor Woman, and can hardly keep my self;*

I

Refin'd and Improv'd. 55

I hope you will not put me to the Charge of keeping any of the Commandments for you.

75.

Going to another of them, he ask'd her, Who made her? She Replyed, She did not know: A Child standing by, he ask'd him the same Question, who Answer'd, God; whereupon the Parson Reproving the old Woman, told her it was a shame that she should be so Ignorant, who had liv'd to those Years, and that little Child could tell, *Marry, quoth she, I am an old Woman, and have been made a great while, and he was made but t'other day; he may well tell who made him.*

76.

A Quaker went to sell a Horse in *Smithfield*, a Chapman who look'd on the Horse, complain'd

D 4

of

of his Head; Quoth the Quaker,
*He that made that Head, won't
 learn of thee to make Heads.* Why
 Friend, says the other, may I
 not speak of your Horses faults
 if I see them? *Nay*, said he, *for
 he sees none in thee, why should'st
 thou see any in him.* The Man
 was so taken with the Bluntness
 of the Quaker, that he bought
 his Horse; which, as he had told
 him before, was stark blind.

Two Gentlemen Riding on
 the Road, espied at a distance
 an old woman doing her necessa-
 ry occasion, by a Hedg side;
 one of them offered a Bottle of
 Wine, that she wou'd turn and
 see what she had don; they a-
 greed on the Wager, and she ac-
 cordingly did. Well, says the
 Looser, I'll ask her why she did
 so, when I come to her; then
 Ri-

Riding up to her, Well, good woman, said he, I see you have been Evacuating your self; *Do you so?* quoth she, *you see no more with your Eyes, then you may carry away in your Month.* But pray Mrs. said the Gentleman, what made you look back on it, when you had don? *To see if there were enough for you both,* Sirs, replied she.

78.

A young Esquire, who had more Money then Wit, Traveling into Spain to a University, where a Man might be made a Doctor for Money, had a mind to take his Degrees; so for his better reception, he Invited the Doctor of the Chair to Supper, where being a little flush'd with the expectation of his new Honour, he ask'd the Doctor if he wou'd take Money to make his Horse a Doctor too? *Yes,* says he,

D. 5

he, *I may make a Horse a Doctor, as well as an Ass; and so by consequence, your Horse as well as your self.*

79.

An Impertinent Fellow told a Gentleman, that he was mad for doing a thing with less Judgment then he ought to have done, and that he ought to be sent to *Bedlam* to be cur'd of Frenzie; and went on at that rate, till the Gentleman wittily answer'd, *That he admir'd as much, why, (as in every Commonwealth there was provided a Bedlam for Mad-men) there was never any place allotted for Fools.*

80.

A merry Archer coming into the Market on a Market day, neck'd an Arrow as if he intend- to Shoot, and said with a loud Voice, *Now have at a Cuckold.*

A woman

A woman thinking he aim'd that way, and her Husband being by her, cries out, *Stand away Husband, stand away Husband*: Why you silly Jade (*saies he*) I am no Cuckold, am I? No, no, (*quoth she*) *but who knows how a confounded Arrow may glance?*

81.

A Farmer in *Essex*, who for his means was made a Knight, and his Wife thereby growing very gallant and fine; a jocose Gentleman told his Worship, *That he did not do well, in spoiling a Good Wife, to make a Mad-Dame.*

82.

A merry Gentleman seeing a great dish of Broth brought to the Table, with a little Chop of Mutton in the middle of it, began hastily to unbutton his Dublet; one asking him the meaning;

60 *England's Jest*
ing of it; *I mean* (says he) *to*
swim through this Sea of Pottage,
to that Island of Mutton.

83.

A merry Fellow riding with his Master, he desir'd to ask him a Question; his Master knowing him to be a jocular, witty Rogue, gave him leave: Why then, Sir, said he, you see a Horse and an Ass younder feeding together; now suppose you were forc'd to be a Beast, which of those two wou'd you be? You Fool, said the Master, I wou'd be a Horse, as being the nobler and more generous Creature: I'm of another opinion, said the Man, for I wou'd be an Ass: His Master being pleas'd with the humour, ask'd his reason? *Why,* said he, *I have often seen an Ass Ride the Great Horse, strut briskly before his Company, be made a Justice,*
have

Hein's and Jupp's

have the honour of Knighthood
confer'd on him, and often Elected
Mayor of a Corporation; but I ne-
ver knew a Horse capable of any of
these Preferments.

84.

A Gentleman inviting a Friend
to Dinner, he told him that he
could very ill spare time to come,
but because of his Importunity,
he said he would wait on him;
but withal told him, *He must be
like a Bagpipe, no sooner full, then
going.*

85.

An ignorant Countrey Fel-
low coming along *Paternoster-
Row*, had occasion to change a
Half-Crown into small money,
and looking over a Grate which
stood on the Stall, there sat a
large Monkey, whom he pray'd
to change his money; the Mon-
key took it, and put it into the
Till.

Till of the Compter, where he had observ'd money to be put, and then came and Grinn'd at the man ; who being in a passion, made a noise at the Door, where- at the man of the Shop coming into the Shop, ask'd him what was the matter. Matter? Sir, said he, I gave your Son half a Crown to change, and he will not give it me again, but Laughs at me, and will not give me one word of answer, tho I have ask'd him for it many a time.

86.

Two Friends meeting, one being over-joy'd to see the other, Hark you Sir, said he, Between you and I, my Wife's with Child. Faith, cry'd the other, you're a liar, for I have not seen her this twelve Months.

87.

Two Persons who had been formerly acquainted, but had

not seen each other a great while,
 meeting on the Road, one ask'd
 the other How he did? he told
 him, He was very well, and was
 Married since he saw him: the
 other reply'd, That was well in-
 deed: Not so well neither, said
 he, for I have Married a Shrew:
 That's ill, said the other: Not
 so ill neither, said he, for I had
 2000 Pounds with her: That's
 well again, said his Friend: Not
 so well neither, for I laid it out
 in Sheep, and they died of the
 Rot: That was ill indeed, said
 the other: Not so ill neither,
 said he, for I sold the Skins for
 more money then the Sheep cost:
 That was well indeed, quoth his
 Friend: Not so well neither,
 said he, for I laid out my money
 in a House and it was burn'd:
 That's very ill, said t'other: Not
 so ill neither, said he, for my Wife
 was burn'd in it.

88.

One that had been very much vex'd in Law-suits, went to Tyburn one day to see the Execution, and vow'd, *That 'twas better to have to do with Tyburn, then Westminster-Hall; for there Suits hang half a year, but at Tyburn half an hour's hanging ends all.*

89.

A young Countrey Esquire, who you must think never read Cook upon Littleton, &c had a mind to borrow some money privately, for which he was to give a Bond, and hearing it run, *Be it known unto all men; Hey boys!* says he, *if all men must know it, then I'm sure it will come to my Fathers Ear; therefore I'll have no such Bond drawn.*

90.

A

90.

A Handsom young Widow having lately Buried an old grave Husband, call'd *Old Symon*, had been so us'd to a Bed-fellow, that she cou'd not sleep without one ; but cou'd endure the thoughts of none but her dear Husband : wherefore she order'd a Carver to make her Husbands Statue as near as he cou'd ; which every Night (being well warm'd) had a Shirt and a Night-Cap put on, and was laid by her side in remembrance of her Husband, that she might, at least, Imbrace him in Effigie. This trade had last-ed ever since her Husband's Death, and she wou'd not admit the Courtship of any Suiter ; till at last a young Gentleman who was inflam'd with no small passion for her, had by the help of his Wit, and some good Angels, prevail'd

prevail'd with her Maid to lay him one Night in the place of *Old Symon*: So the Widow came to Bed to him, and casting her hand over her dear Statue (as she thought) she felt a more agreeable warmth then usual; nay, she fancied 'twas alive and had motion: She was not frighted at it (which is not a little wonderful) but by degrees crept closer and closer to her Side-mate, till at length they were lock'd in Mutual Imbraces; by which she with pleasure found that it was not her Wooden Bed-fellow. In the Morning the Maid call'd at her Chamber-door, as she us'd to do; Madam, what will you please to have for Dinner to day? She reply'd, Roast the Goose, and the two Pheasants that were brought in Yesterday, Boy! a Leg of Mutton and Colly-flowers, and get a good Dish of
Tarts

Refin'd and Improb'd. 67

Tarts and Custards, and a Dish of good dry'd Fruit. Madam, says the Maid, I think we have hardly Billets enough for a quick fire. *You may Burn Old Symon,* (says she) *Burn Old Symon.*

91.

A young Buxom Maid, that was newly Married to an old Man (by her covetous Father for money) was very melancholy; which a merry Fellow seeing, to comfort her, said, *Be of good Chear, my pretty dear Rogue, for an old Horse will perform as long a Journey as a young one:* She Smirking and Sighing said, withal stroaking down her Belly; *But not in this Road, Sir.*

92.

A Gentleman that was a Lawyer, coming up to London, to the Term, met a plain Country-man,

treymen, and after the usual Complement, of well met, &c. says the Gentleman, Pray Friend answer me this Question, *Which are the greatest wonders in the World?* To which, after a little consideration, he dryly Replyed, *Women's and Lawyer's Tongues;* for, says he, *they always lye, yet never lie still.*

93.

A Gentleman Riding on the Road, overtook a young brisk Countrey Lass, who after some time Traveling together, consented to his Amours; the man being conscious of what he had done, and how Prejudicial it might prove to the Maid; told her, if any thing came of their Endeavours, she should hear of him at a certain place in London: *'Tis no matter, Sir,* said she, *I am to be Married on Monday.*

94. An

94.

An old Woman in *Southwark* hearing that *Pontius Pilate* was very civil in his Office, took an occasion to commend him to the Parson, whom she had heard speak of him: Prethee, Woman, said he, who was this *Pontius Pilate*, whom thou talk'st of? Quoth she, How should I know? I never was acquainted with any such kind of People. The Parson reprov'd her for her ignorance, and bid her consider and enquire against such time she saw him again: She being very industrious in the matter, made the Discovery, and the next time she saw the Parson, she told him that she had found him out, and *it was the little Oatmeal Man that came about with the White Horse*; the Parson being amaz'd at so strange an Imagination of the
Womans,

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Womans, she cry'd out, *What's the matter, Sir? I believe you don't know him your self; but your Maid does, for I saw her buy a pennyworth of Oatmeal of him, but two days ago.*

95.

Another ignorant old Wom an in the Countrey hearing a Minister Preach on the Passion of Christ, of the Cruel and Barbarous Death that the Jews put him to, wept grievously; and when the Minister had done, she came to him, and ask'd him how long ago it was since this sad thing was done? The Minister told her it was sixteen-hundred Years since: *O then, says the woman; being a little reviv'd, if it be so long ago, I hope in God it mayn't be true.*

96.

A Brisk young Woman, going to her Husbands Funeral, a Gentle-

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Gentleman comes and whispers her in the Ear, profering his Service in way of Courtship: She thank'd him very kindly, but told him, *He came too late; for, says she, I was Yesterday made sure to another.*

97.

A Citizen Travelling into the Countrey, came into a very good Inn, where the Master of the House was Complaisant to him, showing all his conveniences; which were so far beyond the common Inns, that he told him, *It was a House for a Nobleman*; at which the Inn-keeper fell into a great passion, calling him Raskal, and abusive Fellow. The Gentleman not being plea'd with his Entertainment, went to the next House in the same Town; where telling his Host the business, he inform'd him, *That the Man had lately Broke,*
and

*and Paid but a Noble in the Pound
of his Debts, which had Enabled
him to Build that spacious House.*

98.

*An Amorous Gentleman in
Paris, Playing under his Mistres-
ses Window with a Lute, she
commanded her Servants to
throw Stones at him, which he
took in good part, and esteem'd
as a great Grace, fancying him-
self like Orpheus; saying, The
Stones danc'd after his Musick.*

99.

*A Wine-Cooper in Mark-Lane
taking a Gentleman down into
his Cellar to Treat him, he
finding no Seat there for him to
sit on, ask'd him the reason of it:
Why, says the Wine-Cooper, I
will have no Man here Drink
longer then he can stand.*

A Citizen of *London* had for a long time been Jealous of his Wife, mistrusting her Chastity, but had no real proof of it ; till at length he resolving to have an Ocular Demonstration, pretends to go into the Countrey, but returns the same Night; and coming into the House, looks through the Door into his Wives Chamber, and sees a brisk Spark Carressing her in an Amorous manner: Having thus satisfied his curiosity, he retires, resolving to discipline her the next day ; so he comes to her, and after some little discourse, taxes her with the last nights Recreation. She denies it, and he affirms it, telling her that he saw it with his own Eyes ; to which she wittily and simperingly said, *What, my Dear ! Won't you believe your own dear Wife, before your own Eyes ?*

101.

Two young Fellows observing a Countrey-man go up into the Monument, went up after him, and when they came to the top, they bound him,

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and

and pickt his Pocket ; which as soon as ever they had done, they hear'd some body coming up ; so being put to their shifts, and in some danger of discovery, they made hast down, and meeting a Man, they told him, There was a pleasant Scene acting at top, between a young Maid and her Sweet-heart : So the Man believing them, and being a merry Fellow, went down with them ; saying, That if he cou'd make no sport, he was resolv'd to spoil none ; and so by this witty Stratagem the Rogues escap'd with the money, and the poor Countrey-man was left to be reliev'd by the next comer.

102.

An old Baud being brought before a Justice of Peace, in *London*, for keeping a Baudy-house, and being accus'd by several Witnesses, and upon probable Grounds, the Justice said in a Passion to her, *You old Hag, you do keep a Debauch'd-House, and I will maintain it* : whereupon the old Jade dropt him a Cour'sy, saying, *I most humbly thank your Worship, I desire no better Warrant.*

103.

A Tinker coming through *Cornhill*, and sounding briskly on his Kettle, Have you any Work for a Tinker? A Grocer that thought to put a Jest upon him (there being a Pillory near his Door) bid him stop those two Holes, pointing to the Pillory; to whom the Tinker smartly reply'd, *Sir, if you will lend me your Head and Ears, I will find a Hammer and Nails, and give you my Work into the bargain.*

104.

A modest Gentlewoman being forc'd by her Mother to accuse her Husband of Defect, she desir'd the Judge, being in Court, that she might Write her mind for Modesties sake. So the Judge granted her request, and order'd Ink and Paper to be given her; so she took the Pen without dipping it into the Ink, and made as if she wou'd Write; says one of the Counsellors to her, *Madam, there's no Ink in your Pen.* Truly Sir, says she, *that's just my Case, and therefore I need not Explain my self any further.*

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105. ANO-

105.

Queen Elizabeth coming into a School in London, and seeing a very pert Boy, ask'd him how often he had been Whipt? To whom he Ingeniously answer'd in the Words of *Aneas* to Queen *Dido*,

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.

For which she gave him a Reward.

106.

Another time the Queen coming into *Westminster-School*, had some Verses made to her *Extempore*, by a poor Boy; and being pleas'd with his quickness, she bid him make some Verses upon this, *Pauper ubique jacet*, which he did presently as follows:

In Thalamis Regina tuis hac nocte facerem,

Si verum hoc esset, pauper ubique jacet:

For which the Queen took special notice of him, and gave him great preferment afterwards.

107.

A Gentleman being in Mourning

for his Father, was Riding out with some fine Ladies, who seeing his Horse have a Velvet Saddle, and Embroider'd Cloath, ask'd him why that was not black too? O, says the Gentleman, *my Horse's Father is not dead yet.*

108.

A Countrey Farmer coming up to London, had a Token to deliver to his Landlord's Son, a young Gentleman of the Temple: when he came to his Chamber, he found a Note in the Key-hole written, *I am gone to the Devil*; whereupon the poor Farmer fell into a great fright, having the saddest apprehensions imaginable. Alas! said he, that ever my Landlord shou'd send his Son to this wicked place; a fine young Gentleman that has cost his Father many a fair Pound to bring him up to Learning, and that ever he shou'd come to this Ungodly Town, in two or three Months time to go to the Devil; I dare not carry this sad evil Tydings to his Father: And as he was making these sad Lamentations, a young Student came up and told him, that the Note only meant

the Devil-Tavern hard by, and that he believ'd he might find him there: So he went thither, and found the Gentleman, and presented his Father's Token, and then told him the extraordinary trouble he was in, upon Reading the Note. At which the Gentleman Laugh'd heartily, and gave the Farmer such an Entertainment, that when he came down into the Countrey, he told his Friends, *That he never far'd better in his Life, then he did at the Devil;* which put them all into no small Astonishment.

109.

A Scholar of Oxford, having wore out the Heels of his Boors, brought them in his hands to a Cobler, and shewing him them, said, *O thou curious Artificer, that hast by no small pains and study, arriv'd to the perfection of that exquisite Art of repairing the defects of old decay'd Calceumments, affix me two Semicircles to my Suppeditors:* The Cobler star'd upon him, as if he wou'd have look'd him through; but a little recovering himself, said, *Before George, Sir, I understand not your hard*
Lan-

Refin'd and Improb'd. 79

Language; but if I put on two Heel-pieces, I'll have a Groat for them.

110.

The same Scholar being ask'd by a Porter for a Gentlemans Chamber in the Colledg, he directed him thus, *You must crucifie the Quadrangle, and ascend the Grades, and you will find him perambulating in his Cubicle, near the Fenester.* Pray Sir, says the Porter, what is that *Fenester*? It is, replies the Scholar, *the Diaphanous, part of an Edifice, erected for the Introduction of Illumination;* which so amaz'd the Porter, that at first he did not know what to think, till recovering himself, he went and enquir'd of another, who gave him plainer directions, in more intelligible terms.

111.

An old Usurer dying, left a good Estate to his Son, who was more lavish in the spending of it, then his Father had been in scraping it up: As this young Spark was Riding in his Coach to *Epsom*, he was angry with his Coachman, for not driving faster, cal-

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ling to him, saying, You Dog, if you don't make more haste, I'll come and Kick you to the Devil : *Sir*, reply'd the Coachman, *I swear if you do, I'll there tell your Father how Extravagantly you have spent his Estate.*

112.

A Gentleman living in the Country, having some urgent business at *London*, and his Lady at the same time being ready to Lye in, leaves order with his Servant, a Welsh-man, that when his Lady was Delivered, if it were a Son, he should come to *London*, and acquaint him, promising him for his paines a new Suit of Cloaths ; the Lady was in a short time after Delivered of a Daughter ; however *Jack* (unwilling to loose his Suit of Cloaths) goes to *London* and acquaints his Master that his Lady was brought to Bed of a brave young Son ; the Gentleman being over-joy'd at the News, perform'd his promise, and *Jack* being well accoutred, returns to his Mistress : and in a short time after, the Gentleman returns ; and meeting his Wife, wisheth her much Joy of her Son,

Son; but she alleadging it was a Daughter, and he finding himself abused, orders *Jack* to be sent for; who when he came, still continued in his former saying, that it was a Son; whereupon the Child was produced, and shown to the whole Company; *Jack* still avers it to be a Son; why thou Fool, quoth the Nurse, if it were a Son, it should have a Cock here. *Cots-plut*, quoth the Welshman, is hur in haste? Would hur have a Cock there already? Let hur keep hur till hur is sixteen or seventween years old, and if hur have no Cock then, Hang hur.

113.

A brisk young Lady, seeing the Sheriff of a County, who was a comely young Man, wait upon the Judge, who was an old Man, was ask'd by one, which she had most mind to, the Judge, or the Sheriff? She answer'd the Sheriff: He asking the reason, she replied, *That she lov'd Judgment well, but Execution much better.*

114.

Some Soldiers in the Camp being

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very Lowly, complain'd to their Captain, who being a Jocular Man, bid them turn their Shirts and shake them, telling them that the Lice wou'd have a days March at least, before they cou'd come to their Skin.

115.

A Handsom Countrey Maid coming to *Croyden-Market*, and being very nimble, leap'd off her Horse, but the Pummel of her Saddle being high, catcht hold of her Petticoat, and shew'd almost all that Nature gave her; which a Gentleman standing by and seeing, said, Sweetheart, you have a very clear Skin: To whom she answer'd briskly, *Sir, if you like it so well, why did not you come and Kiss it, to take your leave on't, for you are not ever like to see it again?*

116.

Two Scots-men meeting about Dinner-time, one ask'd the other to lend him Six-pence; by my Troth, quoth he, I have but a Groat; *Prethy mon*, said he, *lend me that, and I will trust thee for the other Two-pence.*

117. A

117.

A young Woman having Married a great Student, who was so intent on his Studies, that she thought her self too little regarded by him, and one day when they were at Dinner with some Friends, she wish'd her self a-Book, that she might have more of her Husbands company; *If it must be so,* says her Husband, *I wish thou wer't an Almanack, that I might change thee for a new one once a Year.*

118.

A Gentleman alighting out of his Coach at *White-Hall*, ask'd a Footman that stood there, what a Clock it was: Sir, says the Footman, what will you give me? Why, replied the Gentleman, must I give you any thing to tell me that? *Yes Sir,* said he, *for we Courtiers do nothing without Money.*

119.

Two Gentlemen Discoursing over a Glass of Wine, of the Affairs of *England*, and of the several Classes of Men therein: One of them wittily said,

said, *That in it there were neither Scholars enough, Gentlemen enough, nor Jews enough.* I can but admire at your opinion in that, says the other Gentleman; for methinks, there are rather too many of those sorts, then too few: To which he replied, *If there were Scholars enough, so many wou'd not be double or treble benefic'd; If Gentlemen enough, so many Peasants wou'd not be reckoned amongst the Gentry; And if Jews enough, so many Christians wou'd never profess Usury.*

120.

A Conceited Scholar, that was lately come from *Oxford*, Drinking with two or three Gentlemen at the *Mitre-Tavern* in the *Poultry*, was very brisk and airy, and wou'd needs be forming of Sylogisms, &c. One wise one was this, He bid them fill two Glasses of Wine, which they did: Now, says he, I will prove those two Glasses to be three, thus: Is not here one, says he? Yes, says the Gentleman. And here another, that's two, says he: Yes, says the Gentleman again; Why then, says he, one and two is three,

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three, so 'tis done: *Very well*, says the Gentleman, *I'll have one Glass,* and that Gentleman shall have the other, and you shall have the third for your pains in finding it out.

121.

One who had layn with his Female Servant, the next day ask'd her how many Commandments there were? She answer'd nine: Thou Fool, quoth he, hast thou liv'd to this age, and knowest no better? there are ten; *I know*, said she, *very well*, there were ten Yesterday; but you and I broke one of them last Night, so that there are but nine left.

122.

A witty, though unfortunate Fellow, having tried several Trades, and fail'd in them all, at last took an Ale-house, and set up the Sign of the Shirt; Writing under it, *This is my last Shift*; which witty Device, brought him much Company and Profit.

123.

A Gentleman that had never been us'd to Wounds, receiv'd a small
Scratch

Scratch with a Sword in a Tavern-
 Fray; as which he was sadly frightened;
 and sent immediately for a Chirur-
 geon, who coming, and seeing the
 Wound but slight, and the Gentleman
 in a great fear; for Sport's sake pre-
 tended great danger, and therefore
 sends his man with great Speed to
 fetch him such a Plaister: *Why Sir,*
quoth the Gentleman, is the Wound so
dangerous? O yes, reply'd the Arch
 Chirurgeon, for if he don't make great
 haste, it will heal of it self.

124.

A Woman in the Countrey that had
 Ten Children, told her Husband that
 Nine of them were his, and no more;
 now he mistrusting the Parson of the
 Parish had been sweet upon her, said,
Well, Wife, I'll keep the Nine; but I
never deny'd the Clergy their due, and
so will not begin now; for the Parson
shall have the Tenth for his Tythe, it be-
ing rightly due to him.

125.

A Countreyman coming through
 Cheapside with Hob-nails in his Shoes,
 and

and treading in a slippery place, his Heels flew up; which a Citizen taking notice of in his Shop, said to the Fellow, *How now, Friend? You see our City Stones are so proud, they scorn to let a Countrey-Clown tread on them: Hah! says the Countreyman, as proud as they are, I made them kiss my Arse.*

126.

A Welshman that was condemn'd to be hang'd, had the benefit of the Clergy granted to him, and so was burnt in the hand; which when it was doing, they bid him say, *God bless the King: Nay, says he, God bless hur Father and Mother; for if they had not taught hur to read, hur might have been hang'd for all the King.*

127.

A huffing young Blade coming to Epsom, call'd an honest plain Countreyman that was there, to hold his Horse: *Can one hold him?* says he; *Yes, yes, says the Gallant: Then you may do it your self,* says the Countreyman, and so went away.

128. A.

128.

A Countreyman that was very ignorant, coming to the Arch-Bishops House with his Rent, the Archbishop coming through the Hall, ask'd who 'twas? *An't please your Worships Honour*, says the Countreyman, *I am come to pay you your Rent*; so the Arch-Bishop went out; and the Servants told him, he must say, *An't please your Grace*; but the Archbishop coming in again, he was at, *An't please your Worship's Honour*: they told him he must say *Grace*; *Must I so?* says he; then putting his Hat before his Eyes, he said, *The Eyes of all things*, &c.

129.

A Gentleman reproving his Friend that was a married man, for getting a Maid with Child, saying, He admir'd that such a man as he wou'd defile his Bed so: *You mistake, Sir*, says he, *there was no defiling of my Bed in the Case, for I did it in the Fields*.

130.

A conceited Fellow, that had an extraordinary

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traordinary good opinion of himself, ask'd his Friend what others thought of him? *Why,* says his Friend, *The Wise think you foolish, and Fools think you wise;* Now pray what think you of of your self?

131.

Two Gentlemen that had been a great while at Law together, and had spent a great deal of Money at it, one of the Gentlemens Friends told him, That his Antagonist had remov'd his Suit into Chancery: *Let him remove it into Hell,* says he, *I don't question but to get a Lawyer to follow it for Money.*

132.

An English Merchant at *Lisbon* in *Spain*, sold some Jews five hundred pounds worth of Gloves; but they falling off from their Bargain, would have but half of them: Well, said the Merchant, you must give me some time to sort them, and then you shall have half; so he order'd his Man to put all the Right-handed Gloves in one parcel, and the Left-handed ones in another. Then when the Jews came, he bid them take their choice; which

90 England's Jest

which when they had done, and were packing of them up, they perceiv'd them to be all for one hand; and so were glad to take the other parcel at the Merchants own rate.

133.

One standing in the Pillory at the Exchange, and his Wife being by him to bear him company, a Gentleman that saw him, said, *He believ'd he was a Papist, because he had his Cross with him.*

134.

Another man hearing a Parson preach on that Text, *Take up your Cross and follow Me*; took his Wife on his Back the next Sunday, and came into the middle of the Church, while the Parson was preaching, and looking up to him, said, *Now Sir, I have brought my Cross, what must I do with it?* The Minister being a little surpriz'd at the humour of the Fellow, hardly knew what to say to him, but at last he bid him set it down there: *Yes, that I will,* says he, *with all my heart, though it were in the middle of the Sea:* But I see, says he, as well as you pretend to

to love the Cross, mine may lie upon my hands this forty years, before you'll ease me of it.

135.

A Gentleman ask'd one of the Female Sex, *Whether she was Maid, Wife, or Widow*; and bid her tell him truly: She being a little put to it, after some consideration upon this hard question, and being above twenty years old, answered him thus: *Though I was never married, Sir, yet you may write me down Young Woman.*

136.

King Henry the Eighth, going once to *Gravefend*, took *Will. Summers* his Jester with him for his diversion; the Wind being very high, it was very tempestuous; and *Summers* being very fearful, thought himself in great danger, and said to the King, *Harry, Harry, I had rather be thy Fool by Land, than thy Companion by Water*: At which the King laugh'd heartily.

137.

A Nobleman having a mind to be merry, sent for his Chaplain, and told him, That unless he could Resolve

solve him these Three Questions, he should be discarded, and turn'd out of his Service; but if he cou'd, he shou'd have Thirty Guineys, and the best Horse in his Stable: So he propos'd the Questions to him, which were these; *First, What compass the World was about? Secondly, How deep the Sea was? And Thirdly, What he thought?* The Poor Chaplain was in a peck of Troubles, and did not know how to answer them, or what to say, thinking them very unreasonable Questions; so that all he could do, was to desire a little time to consider upon them, which the Earl granted. So he going along the Fields one day, very melancholy, a Cobler of the Town, a merry Fellow (who was very like the Chaplain, both in Physiognomy and Stature) met him, and ask'd him the reason of his Sadness; which with some Reluctancy he told him: O Sir, says the Cobler, don't be dejected; chear up; I've thought of a device to save your Place, and get you the Money and Horse too; but you shall give me Ten Guineys for my pains. So he agreed to't; and it was thus: Says he,

he, I'll put on your Cloaths, and go to my Lord, and answer his Questions. Accordingly he went, and when he came before him, he answer'd him thus : To the first Question, *What Compass the World was about ?* He answer'd, *It was four and twenty hours Journey ; and if a man could keep pace with the Sun, he might easily go it in that time.* To the second, *How deep the Sea was ?* He answer'd, *Only a stones throw ; for cast it into the deepest place of it, and in time it will come to the bottom.* To the third, (which I fancy your Lordship thinks the most difficult to be Resolv'd, but is indeed the easiest) which is, *What your Lordship thinks ?* I answer, *That you think I am your Chaplain, whereas indeed I am but the Cocker of Gloucester.* The Nobleman was so pleas'd with his witty Answers, that he perform'd his Promise to his Chaplain, and gave the Cocker Ten Guineys for his Ingenuity.

138.

Says a Glasier to a Painter, *I see you do all under a Colonn :* Get you gone, you Rogue, reply'd the Painter, *you're always picking of Quarrels.* 139. A

139.

A Certain King kept a Fool in his Court, that us'd to write down in a Book, all the Follies of the great Men in the Court ; which Book the King sometimes, when he was dispos'd to be Merry, wou'd look into. Now one day after Dinner, the King reading of the Book, found himself in it, with a story of five-thousand Pounds, which he gave a Jew in his Court, to go to *Barbary* and buy Horses with : So the King ask'd his Jester, why he put him in ? *Why*, says he, *for giving your Money to one that you may never see again* : But says the King, What if he shou'd return and bring the Horses, what Folly is it then ? *Why*, if he do's, replied the Fool, *I'll blot out your Name, and put in his, for a Fool, for not keeping your Money when he had it.*

140.

Two Women Scolding in the Street, another of their Acquaintance came by, whom they wou'd refer their Cases to ; *No*, says the Woman, *pray Excuse me, I won't meddle in it, but will*
stand

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stand Newer : How can that be, says one of them, when you have been common to all the Town ?

141.

Doctor Fuller, overtaking one Mr. Woodcock upon the Road, falling into Discourse in a facetious manner, ask'd him what difference there was between a Woodcock and an Owl, (supposing Mr. Woodcock had not known him) He wittily replied, *That an Owl was Fuller in the Head, Fuller in the Face, Fuller in the Eyes, Fuller in the Neck, and Fuller all over.*

142.

A Scholar meeting a Countreyman upon the Road, Rid up very briskly to him ; but the Countreyman out of Respect to him, was turning off his Horse to give him the Road, when the Scholar laying his Hand upon his Sword, said, *'Tis well you gave me the Way, or I'd-----What wou'd you have done ?* said the Countreyman, *holding up his Club at him : Given it you, Sir,* says he, *pulling off his Hat to him.*

143.

One Reading in the Famous History

ry of the seven Champions, how St. George kill'd the Dragon, and sav'd Sabra the fair Maid of Egypt, said, He admir'd how Men cou'd invent such Lies; for, says he, I believe there never was any such Dragon, or such a Man as St. George. O, says another, I can believe that, better than that there was a Maid.

144.

A Tallow-Chandler dying, a merry Fellow said, He wonder'd, that he that had made so many Weeks, cou'd make his Life no longer.

145.

A lusty young Man, in Somersetshire, after he had been Married about four Months, grew very Lean and Feeble, so that he cou'd hardly crawl along; He one day seeing a Butcher run over a Plough'd Field after a Mad-Bull, ask'd him the reason of it? Why, says the Butcher, it is to Tame him: O, says the Fellow, Let him be Married, let him be Married; if that don't Tame him, I'll be Hang'd.

146. A

146.

A Soldier, a merry Fellow, finding a Louse on his Sleeve, walking to take the Air, took him up by the Back, and said, *I swear, if I catch you again out of your Quarters, you shall be Hang'd;* and so Put him into the Collar of his Doublet.

147.

A certain Highway-man having committed a Robbery in *Devon-shire*, was taken in *Dorset shire*, making towards *London*, and brought before a Justice of Peace, who wou'd not meddle with him, but wou'd send him back into the Shire where he committed the Robbery; which a witty Countrey-man hearing (that had been at the trouble of taking him, and was unwilling to Guard him back into the other County) desir'd leave to ask the Justice one Question, which he granted: *Why then, says the Man, I desire your Worship to tell me, if a Man be taken abed with your Wife to Night, whether he must be sent thither again the next Night?*

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148. A

148.

A Gentleman order'd a Crane for Supper ; but his Cook having a Sweetheart in a longing condition, cut off a Leg and sent her ; so the one Leg'd Crane was set on the Table, which the Gentleman seeing, was enrag'd at his Cook ; but he being an arch Wag, readily told the Gentleman, that Cranes had but one Leg ; and avow'd it with that confidence, that he gain'd upon his wife Masters belief ; but he resolving to observe it, as he was walking in the Fields one Frosty-Morning, he saw a flock of Cranes, and sending for his Cook, they held up one of their Legs under their Wings, as is the custom of those Birds in the cold weather ; So, says his Cook, *I hope your Worship is satisfi'd that they have but one Leg ;* but the Gentleman going pretty near to them, cries *Cush*, and frighted them up, whereupon both Legs appear'd ; *Look*, says the Gentleman, *they have now two Legs :* Oh, says the Cook, *if you had cried Cush to that in the Dish, it wou'd have had two Legs too.*

149. A

149.

A Gentleman loosing his Watch, complain'd to his Friend of his loss; *Alas, Sir, says he, all the World can't help it, Time will away.*

150.

A Bully meeting a brisk Lady in St. James's Park, with her naked Breasts appearing very tempting, says to her, *Madam, is that Flesh to be sold? No, replied she, no money shall buy it: Then, says he, Madam, if you won't sell your Ware, I'd advise you to shut up your Shop: Faith, Sir, says she, you may be sure I'll never let you come within my Doors: 'Tis no matter, Madam, replied he, for I am sure they are wicked ones.*

151.

A Person of Quality in the Country, keeping a Baboon at his Door with a handsom fine Coat on; a Country Fellow brought a Letter and gave it to the Baboon, who tore it to pieces; and the Lord happening to come out, saw him do it; at which he was angry with the Fellow, and

ask'd him why he deliver'd it not to him himself? *Why*, says the Fellow, *I gave it to your Son, and he tore it: You Fool*, says he, *'tis a Baboon: Indeed*, says the Fellow, *I thought it was your Son, he is so like you.*

152.

A Woman having a mind to oblige her Husband, desir'd him to invite some of his Friends to Dinner, and they wou'd be merry, for, says she, I have provided a curious Leg of Mutton for you: *I thank you my Dear*, says he, *you are always very free of your Flesh to me, and every body else that has any Appetite to it.*

153.

Some Scholars having a spight against their Master, because of his Harshness to them, resolv'd to play him some trick; so knowing him to be a very curious neat Man, they daub'd the Rails of the Stairs with a Sr. R----- Now the Master coming down in the dark, laid his Hands in it, which set him into a terrible feu'd; so he called all the Scholars, and took them into strict Examination;



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tion; but suspecting one above the rest, he was very sharp upon him, urging him to confess it, telling him he did it; the Boy utterly denied it; but the Master was the more pressing upon him: *Indeed*, said the Lad, with all the Asseverations imaginable, *I did it not, but if you please, I'll tell you who had a hand in it*: Hereupon the Master thought to have found out the Truth, and so very eagerly ask'd him who? *Your Worship, Sir*, says he: Whereupon he was dismiss'd, with the applause of all his Fellows, for his Ingenuity.

154.

A merry Fellow in a great Storm at Sea, when all were at Prayers, Eat heartily on Salt-Beef; and being ask'd his reason, answer'd, *He should Drink more that day, then ever he did in his life.*

155.

John Taylor the Water Poet, being aboard the Ship, call'd, *The Hektor*, was so Treated with Punch by the Captain, that it was easily perceiv'd by the Seamen, who began to play upon him; whereupon *John* in a Poe-

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tical rage, invoc'd the Patron of the Ship thus,

*O Noble Hector, Valiant Son of Priam,
Grant all these men may be as Drunk as
I am.*

156.

A Certain Knave asking a virtuous Gentlewoman, jeeringly, *What was honesty?* she answer'd, *What's that to you? Meddle with those things that concern you.*

157.

A Young man in London being caught a bed with his Mistress, was severely reprimanded by his Uncle, who set before him the example of Joseph: Oh says he, *If Joseph's Mistress had been as handsome as mine, I doubt not but he wou'd have done as I did.*

158.

A Gentleman that had many Children was saying one day to his friend, that his Wife was more fertile then his Land. *I'll give you a good reason for that,* says his friend, *for if you are weary, and won't take pains to make her so, others will.*

159.

A Witty Fellow going along *Pater-noster-Row* in a dark Winter night, saw a Lanthorn hang out with a Candle in it, which he had a mind to, to light him home; but as he had climb'd up to it, and was just going to untie it, the maid of the house saw him, and ask'd what he meddled with the Lanthorn for? *I beg your Pardon*, says he, *Sweet-heart*, *I only went to snuff the Candle that I might see to go along.*

160.

Two Gentlemen riding from *Barnet* to *London*, met a Miller riding softly on his Sacks; & they being merrily dispos'd, had a mind to abuse the Miller, so one went on one side of him, and the other on t'other, and having Rid so a little way with him, they pray'd him to resolve them one Question, *Whether*, says they, *Art thou more Kave or Fool?* Truly, replied the Miller, *I don't know which I am most, but I think I am between both.*

161.

Mr. *Randolph*, the Great Wit of *Cambridge*, coming to *London*, had a mind to see *Ben-Johnson*, who was drinking at the *Devil-Tavern* with Mr. *Drayton*, Mr. *Daniel*, and Mr. *Silvester*, three famous Poets of that Age; he being loth to intrude into their Company, and yet desiring to be call'd in, peep'd in at the door several times, till at last Mr *Johnson* perceiving him, said, Come in, *John Bo-peep*; which he did: and when the reckoning came to be paid, which was five shillings, they agreed among themselves that he that made the best *Extempore Verses*, shou'd be excus'd from paying any thing, and the other four shou'd pay it all; so every one made his Verses, and when it came to Mr *Randolph's* turn, he made these:

*I John Bo-peep, to you four sheep,
 Will reach one his good fleece;
 If you are willing to pay your five shilling,
 Ten pence a piece.*

162. Ben-

162.

Ben-Johnson and *Silvester* being very merry one day at the above nam'd Tavern, began to Rhime upon one another; so *Silvester* began thus:

I Silvester

Lay with your Sister.

To whom *Ben-Johnson* answer'd:

I Ben. Johnson

Lay with your Wife.

That, says Silvester, Is no Rhyme; but, Faith, 'tis true though, says Ben-Johnson.

163.

Mr. Noy the Attorney-General making a Venison Feast in a Tavern, where *Ben Johnson* and some of his Companions were drinking, and he having a mind to some of the Venison, wrote these Verses and sent them to Mr. Noy.

*When all the World was drown'd,
No Venison cou'd be found;
For then there was no Park:
Lo here we sit
Without e're a bit,
Noy has it all in his Ark.*

F 5

For

For the ingenuity of which, Mr. Noy sent him a good corner of a Pasty, and half a Dozen bottles of Sack to wash it down.

164.

At another time Ben-Johnson intending to go through the half-Moon Tavern in Aldersgate-street, was denied entrance, the door being shut : upon which he made these Verses,

*Since the Half-Moon is so unkind,
to make me go about,
The Sun my money now shall take,
the Moon shall go without.*

And so he went to the Sun Tavern at Long-Lane end, forsaking the Half-Moon, for this affront.

165.

A Fool being very sick and like to dye, one that went to see him, went to comfort him, bidding him chear up, for if you dye, says he, Four proper Fellows shall carry you to Church : Ay but, quoth he, I had rather by half go thither my self.

166. A

166.

A Courtier importuning Queen Elizabeth, for a certain place that was vacant, the Queen told him, *He was not fit for it: An't please your Majesty,* says he, *I can get one to Officiate for me: Very likely,* says the Queen, *and I can put in one of my Maids, that can do so too.*

167.

A Tutor in Oxford, reading a Lecture to his Scholars about the Virtues in moral Philosophy, gave them this general Rule to know Virtues from Vices, *That Virtues consisted in the Middle, but Vices were Extreame.* The next day he bid his Scholars give an Example of the fore-going Rule; so one of them, being a sharp Lad, instant'd in *Virginity.* *Why Sirrah,* says the Tutor, *who told you that Virginity was a Virtue? You did, Sir,* replied the Lad, *for you told us, that all Virtues consisted in the Middle, and so does Virginity.*

168.

Says a tall Man, going along with a little Man, *The People won't gaze so much at a Pigmy, because I'm in your Company.*

Company. Yes, says the little Man, they will gaze the more upon me, to see me have an Ass in my Company, and not Ride.

169.

A Lawyer meeting a Countrey Fellow driving his Cart, ask'd him merrily, why his Fore-horse was so Fat, and the other so Lean? Why, says the Fellow, my Fore-horse is a Lawyer, and the rest are his Clients; for which witty answer, the Lawyer gave him a Shilling to Drink.

170

A Countrey-man coming up to London, having never been there before, star'd into a Scriv'ners Shop; the Scriv'ner standing at the Door, ask'd him what he wou'd buy? What do you sell, says the Countrey-man? Why Logger-heads, says the Scriv'ner, will you buy one? Yes, says he, but I see you have such a good Trade, that you have no Choice, having but one left in your Shop.

171.

One said, That no Man had greater confidence in their Countrey, then Thieves,

*Thieves, for they put themselves upon it,
though they are Hang'd for their pains.*

172.

One told his Wife, that there was
a Law making, That all Cuckolds
should be drown'd: O pray, my Dear
Husband, says she, then learn to Swim.

173.

A Blunt Rustical Fellow, having
been netled with a Jest that one put
upon him, resolv'd one way or other
to be even with him; therefore ha-
ving a good Cane in his Hand, he laid
him over the Pate with it, saying,
*Every Man has his Talent; you can
break Jests, and I can break Heads.*

174.

Some Thieves coming to Rob a
Gentlemans House before he was a-
sleep, he call'd out of the Window,
and bid them stay but one hour, and by
that time he should be asleep; which
frighted them so, that they ran away
faster then they came thither.

175. A

175.

A Gentleman having his Pocket pickt whilst he was at Prayers at Church, complain'd to his Friend of it ; why, says his Friend, *If you had Watch'd as well as Pray'd, you would not have lost your Money.*

176.

A Constable taking a pretty Wench late at Night, brought her before a Justice, who seeing her handsom and gentilely Drest, was very favourable to her, winking at her fault in being out so late, and bid the Constable take her home to his House that Night : *Yes, that I will with all my heart,* says the Constable, *if your Worship will be pleas'd to commit my Wife till the Morning.*

177.

Two young Oxford Scholars agreeing together to go into an Adjacent Warren to Steal some Rabets ; one being to watch, and not to speak one word, and the other to catch them : So they being come to the place, he
that

Rein'd and Jamb'd. 111

that watch'd, cried out, *Ecce Cani-
culi multi*; which noise frightened the
Rabets all into their Burrows, where-
upon the other was very angry with
him; *Why*, says he, *who thought that
Rabets understood Latin?*

178.

A Lady receiving a Letter from a
Foppish Gentleman, taken *verbatim*
out of *Cassander*, which she had read,
she sent it him back again, bidding the
Messenger tell him, *That he was mistaken,
for though the Letter was directed
to her, it was written to Madam Rox-
ana.*

179.

A Gentleman borrowed five
Pounds of his Friend, and lost it at
Play; thereupon he sent to borrow
five Pounds more, by the Token that
he ow'd him five Pounds already:
Pray, said his Friend, *bid your Master
send me the Token, and I'll send him the
five Pounds.*

180.

A Wench that was got with Child,
sent her Friend to the Father of it, to
tell him that she was quick; he repli-
ed,

ed, *If she be quick, I'll be as nimble, and so run away.*

181.

One seeing Doctor *Mathews*, that was a very Learned man, but little of Stature, pass by, said, *There goes minimus Apostolorum*; which the Doctor hearing, merrily replied, *That Mathew was Maximus Evangelistarum.*

182.

A Gentleman standing in a brown Study, a Lady ask'd him, *What he was thinking of?* He said, *Of nothing*: *What do you think on,* says the Lady, *when you think on nothing?* Faith, says he, *Then I think on you, and the inconsistency of your Sex.*

183.

The Lord *Bacon* going the Northern Circuit, a Fellow that was try'd for his Robbing, was very importunate with the Judge to be favourable to him, telling him that he was a Kin to his Lord-ship: Why, how so, said the Judge? Why, answer'd the Fellow, *An't please your Lordship, your Name is Bacon, and my Name is Hog, and those two are alike.* 'Tis true, said the

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the Judge; but you and I can't be Kindred till you are Hang'd; for Hog is never good Bacon till 'tis Hang'd.

184.

King James Riding a Hunting in Essex, comes to a Gate which he must go through, and seeing a Countrey-Clown at it, he says to him, Prethee good Fellow open the Gate? But he knowing who it was, answer'd, No, an't please your Grace, I am not worthy to be in that Office; but I'll run and fetch Mr. Johnson, who is a Justice of Peace, and lives a Mile off, and he shall open it for your Grace; and so he run away as fast as he cou'd, and left the King to open it himself.

185.

When the Turks were Besieging Vienna, a Gentleman being to be sent to the Grand Vizier, upon some important Affair, desir'd to be excus'd; for, says he, I'm affraid, because he is so faithless and treacherous, that he'll take my Head off: If he do's, says the Governour, I'll take a Thousand of his Men's Heads off: I,
Sir,

Sir, replied the Gentleman, *but I question whether any of them will fit my Shoulders.*

186.

A young Lad being chid by his Uncle, for lying a Bed so long in a Morning, telling him that such a one had found a Purse of Money by rising early in the Morning; I, says the Lad smartly, *but he rose too early that lost it.*

187.

A merry Gentleman, in the beginning of the late Civil Wars, being ask'd, If he shou'd dye, how he wou'd be buried? Answered, *With his Face downwards: For, says he, in a little time England will be turn'd upside-down, and then I shall lie right.*

188.

A man being brought before the Duke of Milan, for falling down from a House (which he was Tiling) upon a poor man that was going by, and bruising him very much: Look you, Friend, says the Duke to the man that was hurt, *I'm for the Law of Retaliation; You shall go up to the top of the*

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the House where he was, and he shall go along just where you did; and so you shall fall upon him, and bruise him, as much as he did you: Which unexpected piece of Justice, put an end to the mans Prosecution.

189.

A Farmers Daughter in the Countrey bringing up her Fathers Cows near the House to be milk'd, they all run away from her down a dirty Lane; upon which the Girl cry'd out, O Mother, the Cows are run down the Lane to the Devil; shall I go after 'em? No, Child, says her Mother, let your Father go, for he has high Shoon.

190.

A Tallow-Chandler having some Candles stole, complain'd to his Friend: O (says he) be patient, for I'm confident in a short time they'll all come to light.

191.

An Oxford-Scholar coming up to London, went into a House of leaivty in Covent-Garden, which had the Flower-de-luce to its Sign, where he got a Clap: whereupon he writ these Verses

Verses over the door at's going away:

*All you that hither chance to come,
Mark well e'er you go in;
For Frenchmens Arms are Signs without,
And Frenchmens Harms within.*

192.

One asking a Painter how he cou'd draw such curious Pictures, and yet get such ugly Children? He answer'd, *Because he drew the Pictures in the day, but got his Children in the night.*

193.

Another asking why Men sooner gave to Poor People than to Scholars? was answer'd, *Because they think they may sooner come to be Poor, than Scholars.*

194.

A Player riding along Fleetstreet in great haste, a Gentleman of the Temple stop'd him, and ask'd *what Play was to be acted that night?* The Player was not a little vex'd at him, for hindering him on such a slight occasion; however recovering himself, he told him *he might see that on every Post:*

Post: I beg your Pardon, said the Gentleman, indeed I took you for a Post, you rid so fast.

195.

Two Gentlemen being drinking together, one of them prest the other to drink more then he could well bear, and therefore he refus'd it, desiring to be excus'd ; but the other being pretty well dipt, swore he shou'd take t'other Glass, or else he'd run him thro'. *No, says he, you shan't, I'll save you that labour, for I'll run myself through, and Pledge you afterwards ;* saying so, he run through the door down stairs, and left the Spark to pay the Reckoning.

196.

Sir Thomas Moor being surveying of *St. Pauls Church*, as he was walking on the Leads of it, there happened to be a Madman there, who seeing some Jack-daws flying about the Church, catch'd up *Sir Thomas* (being a little man) in his Arms, saying, *Now Sir, we will fly down as those Birds do ;* and so was going to throw him over ; but he cry'd out to him, saying, *Hold Friend, let us go down, and fly up to them ;*

them; which stopt the Madmans hand.

197.

A Woman coming to a Parson, desired him to preach a Funeral Sermon on her Son that was lately dead; the Parson promised her to do it; but she desiring to know the price of his Sermon, he told her it was Twenty Shillings: *Twenty Shillings!* says she; *An Ass spoke for an Angel, and won't you speak under Twenty Shillings?* The Parson being a little nettled at her, told her she was better Fed then Taught: *Sir,* says she, *'tis very true; for my Husband feeds me, and You teach me.*

198.

A Countrey Gentleman riding along *Cheap-side* his Horse stumbled and threw him in the Dirt; so he got a fellow to hold him, and went into the next Shop; the Mistress of which being a pleasant Woman, smiling, (seeing he had no hurt) ask'd him if his Horse us'd to serve him so? *Yes Madam,* says he, *When he comes just against a Cuckold's door.* Then in truth, replied she ingeniously, *You are like to have*

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have twenty falls before you get to the Exchange.

199.

A Gentleman riding to Epsom, overtook a handsome Countrey Wench jogging along easily upon a Poor dull Mare: the Gentleman being merrily dispos'd, ask'd her how she did? and told her, if she pleas'd he'd occupy her. O Sir, says she, what good will that do me? why says he, 'twill make you brave and brisk: Pray then Sir, says she, Occupy my Mare, for she's very dull.

200.

An Elder Brother told his younger Brother, that that White Gamlet Cloak he had on, became him extraordinary well: Faith Brother, says he, but a black mourning Cloak for you, wou'd become me a great deal better.

201.

A Great Swearer being subpoena'd to give his Oath upon a Trial, they brought him a book, to swear on: Faith, says he to the Clark, You may save your self that Labour, for there is no Oath but I can swear it without Book.

202. A

202.

A Scolding Woman us'd to abuse her husband who was pretty softly, and call him Cuckold Twenty times a day, which a silly Fellow hearing, said, *He wondred the Husband was such a fool to let his Wife know that he was a Cuckold.*

203.

A Drunken Countrey Fellow whose name was *Will. Johnson*, driving his Cart between *Canbridg* and *Sturbridg*, fell fast asleep in it; and in the mean time his two Horses were stole out of it: he awaking said, *Either I am Will. Johnson, or not Will. Johnson: if I am Will. Johnson, then I have lost my two Horses: if I am not Will. Johnson, then I have found a Cart.*

204.

A Gentleman discoursing of his Travels was interrupted by a Lady in the Company, that said She had travell'd further then he: *Say you so, Madam*, says the Gentleman, *then We as Travellers, may lye together by Authority.*

205.

One that had been married but a Week,

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Week, call'd her Husband Cuckold: which her Mother hearing, reprov'd her; *You slut, says she, do you call your Husband Cuckold already? And I have been married this twenty years to your Father, and never durst tell him of it.*

206.

A Countrey Man going along *Limestreet*, saw a rope with a handle to it hang out of the door; now he not knowing what was the meaning of it, went and play'd with it; and pulling it a little hard, the Merchant being in his Compting-house, came out to the door, and ask'd the Countreyman what he wou'd have? He answer'd, Nothing; but he pull'd the string, and the Bell rang: the Merchant seeing him so simple, ask'd him what Countrey man he was? I am an *Essex*-man, an't please you, says he: *Ay*, says the Merchant, *I have heard that in Essex a man can't beat the hedge, but out comes a Calf: True*, says he, *And I see that in London a man can't ring a Bell, but out comes a Cuckold.*

207.

A Drunken debauch'd Dyer, complaining to his Friend that was a so-

G

ber

ber man, that whatever he took in hand to dye, came to some mischance or other: O, says his Friend, *The way to succeed in your business, is to amend your Life; for a man that does not live well, can never dye well.*

208.

A Fidler boasting what a chaste Wife he had: says a Gentleman, I'll lay my House against thy Fiddle, that if I have opportunity, I'll get her consent to lie with her: the Wager was laid, and he had the Fidler's consent to try; but the Fidler went in the mean time, and sung this Song under the Window.

*Hold out, my Dear, hold out;
Hold out but these two houres:
If you hold out, there is no doubt
But the House and all is ours.*

To which his Wife answer'd:

*I Faith sweet William I cannot,
He has caught me about the Middle:
He hath me Won, thou art undone,
Sweet William thou'st lost thy Fiddle.*

209.

A Facetious Gentleman discoursing with a Witty Lady, who was speaking

ing of the Weakness of her Sex, and the vast advantage that Men had above them: *Hold, Madam,* said he, *I beg your pardon, if I dissent from you in this Commonly receiv'd point; for it is no difficult thing to prove that your Sex is now a days Stronger then ours; for Sampson, the strongest man, carried only the gates of the City upon his shoulders; but now every little Lady of your Sex, carries a Tower upon her fore-head: To which she wittily and briskly replied; Certainly, Sir, you have a very strong head, to carry so many Windmills up and down in it.*

210.

One that had weak Eyes, was jeer'd by a Man that had clear Eyes; he told him, *They were not so dim, but he cou'd see a fool: It may be so,* says the other, *but you must look in a Glass then.*

211.

A Schoolmaster examining his Boys, and asking them several Rules for Pearsing, espied one to have a dirty face and hands, and ask'd him by what Rule it was that he was dirty; the boy readily answer'd, *By deme Lavo Lavi.*

Witty Sayings.

1.

Souldiers in Peace, are like Chimneys in Summer.

2.

Painters are cunning Fellows, for they have a Colour for what ever they do.

3.

Coblers may be said to be good men, because they set men upright, and are always mending Soles.

4.

A Prison is a good Instrument of Reformation, for it makes many Lewd Fellows staid men.

5.

Physicians, of all men, have the best on't; for if they do well, the World proclaims it; if ill, the Earth covers it.

6.

Carpenters are civil and honest Fellows, for they do all their business by Rule.

Nota-

Notable BULLS

1.

A Young Countrey Squire riding very hard, his Horse grew very Sick upon it : he complaining to his Friend ; says he, *I rid my Horse hard and he's sick, and I fear he'll never be his own Man again.*

2.

Another being ask'd whether his Friend Tom, that was lately dead, had left him any Legacy? *No Faith, says he, Not a Tester to drink his health.*

3.

One ask'd a Fellow if he would go into the Water with him : *No, says he, I'll never go into the Water till I have learnt to Swim.*

4.

Some Gentlemen being at Dinner in a Tavern, one of them that was a little nicer then the rest, seeing the Salt look a little dirtily, call'd to the Drawer, *to bring up some fresh Salt.*

5.

One said, *He would never abide the Moon again; for said he, the Queen serv'd me such a slippery trick, I' Faith, i' other Night, for she lighted me along very well till I came to a ditch, and then slipping behind a cloud, she let me fall in.*

6.

A Blind Minister coming to speak with a Gentleman, the Gentleman's man came running to him, and told him, *That the blind Minister was come to see him.*

7.

A Young Scholar was very much troubled, and did not like his Dictionary, Praying his Father to get it chang'd, because, *He could not find what was Latin for Aqua-vitæ in it.*

8.

A Countrey Justice examining a poor thieving Scholar, said, *Sirrah, you are an Arch Rogue, but take warning, for if you are once hang'd, your Book can't save you from the Gallows.*

9.

One being advis'd to go to Sea, *No* says he, *I had rather travel all the World over by Land.*

10. A

10.

A certain King being sick, one pray'd, *That he might Reign as long as the Sun and Moon should endure, and the Prince his Son, after him.*

11.

One finding his Friend abed at Ten a Clock in the morning, ask'd him why he lay so long? *Why Faith,* says he, *I came home late last night:* *Why,* how late was it, says his Friend? *Late,* says he, *'twas Three a Clock in the morning.*

12.

An Ignorant-Fellow complaining of the Folly of the Age, said, *That men were far wiser in future times then now.*

13.

One boasting of his Credit, said, *He knew a Scriv'ner that would lend him Fifty Pounds at any time, on his own Bond, without either Scrip or Scrowl.*

14.

One going over in the Ferry-Boat from Richmond to Twitnam, the Ferry-man's Wife Officiating, admiring said, *He never saw a Woman Ferry-man before.*

G. 4.

15. Two

15.

Two Persons going along *Cheapside*, a Dumb-man accidentally meeting 'em, jostled against one of them; whereupon he held up his Stick to strike him; but the Dumb-man making some sign, which the Person that was with him perceiving, stop'd his Friends blow, asking him why he would strike a Dumb-man? *Is he Dumb*, says the other? *Why did he not tell me so?*

16.

One speaking to a Gentleman of the unkindness of his supposed Friend, said, in a Passion, *That he had no sooner turn'd his Back, but the Rascal abus'd him before his Face.*

17.

A Countrey Fellow passing by the Exchange, saw the Picture of a Unicorn hang up; says he to one that stood by, *I have seen several Pictures of these Beasts with one Horn only; pray are not there some Unicorns with two Horns?*

18.

One asking a certain Person how his Friend came off at the Sessions-house?

house? he told him he was to be Burnt in the Hand; Pish, says the other, that's a small matter; for, for a little Fee, they'll Burn him in the Hand with a cold Iron.

19.

A Sea-Captain was invited to a Hunting-match, who when he came home, related what sport he had, after this manner: Our Horses, says he, being well Rigg'd, we man'd them; and the Wind being at West-South-West, (Fifteen of us in Company) away we stood over the Downs; in the time of half a Watch, we spy'd a Hare under a full Gale, we Tack't and stood after her, coming up close, she Tack't, and we Tack't, upon which Tack I had like to run a-ground; but getting clear off, I stood after her again, but as the Devil would have it, just as I was going to lay her aboard, bearing too much Wind, I and my Horse over-set, and came Keel upward.

20.

A silly old Fellow meeting his God-son, ask'd him whether he was going? To School, said the Boy: That's well, said he, there's a Penny for you.

G. 5.

ba.

be a good Boy, and mind your Book, and I hope I shall live to hear thee Preach my Funerall Sermon.

21.

A foolish young Esquire, being newly come to his Estate, (taking after the old Miser his Father, grew covetous.) He hearing his Steward say, he had kill'd him a Bullock against Christmas, *What, said he, do you mean to undo me by such extravagant Expences? I will have but half a one kill'd at a time.*

22.

A Person who had not much Wit to spare, seeing his Son play roguish Tricks, *Why Sirrah, said he, did you ever see me do so, when I was a Boy, as you are?*

23.

A Precise Fellow hearing much Swearing in a Bowling-Green, said, *For shame Gentlemen forbear, it is Gods great mercy the Bowling-Green doth not fall on your Heads.*

24.

One sitting at Supper, his Cat past to and fro through his Arms, brushing her Tail against his Mouth, which made

Notable Bulls.

131

made him so angry, that he cut off the tip of her Tail, saying, *I think now, Mistress Puss, I have given you an Ear-mark: For a little time the Cat staid away, but the next day came again, according to her usual manner; whereupon in a Rage, said he, Why, how now, you troublesome Bitch? Are you come again? I thought I had given you your Breakfast last night.*

25.

A Gentleman hiring some Labourers to pull down his old Wall, that he might build a new one; as they were doing it, cry'd out to them to have a care, *least the Foundation should tumble on their Heads*

26.

When Guineys were first Coyn'd, they were a great rarity in the Countrey: A young Fop coming from London, more Gallant then Wise, seeing the People so earnest to see them, *Alas*, said he, throwing down two or three of them on the Table, *These are so common in London, that you cannot receive Forty Shillings, but you must take five or six of them whether you will or no.*

27. One

27.

One going by Water, said to another in the Boat that had affronted him, *Speak another Word, and I'll knock your Head and the Wall together.*

28.

One that was Born in the Parish of St. Giles Cripplegate, said, *When I dye, I'll be buried in Cripplegate-Church-yard; an't please God I live.*

29.

The same Person affirming there was two sorts of Fishes allow'd to be cry'd on a Sunday; being as'd what Fishes they were, Answer'd, *Milk and Mackarel.*

30.

One saying, That the Fenny-Countries were very unhealthy; *I am of your Mind*, said another, *for I liv'd there once; and I believe if I had liv'd there till this time, I had dy'd seven Years ago.*

Twelve Ingenious
Characters,
Drawn to the Life.

I.

Of an Importunate Dun.

AN *Importunate Dunn*, is the Quintessence of vexation; a Single Plague, worse then all *Egypt's Ten*; a kind of Substantial Ghost, perpetually haunting a man, and sucking him as eagerly as an *Hobgoblin* does a *Witch*; an *Horse-leech* that alwas cries, *Give, give*; or rather a *Cuckow* that has never but one Note, *Pay, Pay, Pay*; *Money, Money, Money*: A troublesome Devil not to be laid with Holy Water, and only exorcis'd by
Silver

Silver Crosses ; an *Evil Spirit* whom no *Musick* but the sweet *Gingling* of *Coin* can charm.

Should we enquire his *Pedigree*, he seems one of *Nimrod's Bastards*, for he is a *Tyrant* by *Nature*, and a mighty *Hunter* by *Profession*. A *Blood-hound* of a notable *Quick Scent* to discover his *Game*, and a deep *Mouth* to pursue it ; he takes upon him a *Prerogative* to get, where even *Kings* themselves must lose their *Rights* ; Nay, presumes to *Ape Creation*, by attempting to squeeze something out of nothing, and raise a *World* of *Cash*, from the barren *Womb* of meer *Vacuties*.

He would make an excellent *Statesman*, for he has the best intelligence in the *World*, and will find out a lurking *Acquaintance* in a *City* crowd, or *Countrey* corner, sooner then a purblind *Astrologer*, or a limping *Hue and Cry* ; Yet nothing lights him to you sooner, or more exasperates him against you, than a new *Suit*, a good *Dinner*, or a merry *Glass* ; for he holds it for a *Maxime*, That whoever owes him any thing, ought to be in *Arrear* likewise both to back and bel-

ly.

ly. If the Debtor live so remote, that he cannot conveniently wait on him every other day, he makes him pay Interest (even to Extortion) at the *Post Office*; for he is sure of more Letters, than a *handsome Girl* of sixteen, that has a great Fortune at her own Dispose; his Stile in these *Familiar Epistles*, is extreamly civil in the Front, but close and pressing in the Rear.-- He would rather lose his small concern, than put you to the least inconvenience.-- But must needs have his money next return, or else shall be forced to turn over the debt, or take his Course. Yet he attributes your Non-payment to your unmindfulness, and desires you not to take this one more *Item* unkindly; He talks much in the Language of *Bacon's Brazen Head*, Time's past: and (as if you were a second *Joshuah*) blames you for not keeping the day; he Pretends extraordinary kindness for you, but hates all Protections so much, that he dares not say at the end of his Letter, He commits you to that of Heaven; but always hoping to hear from you speedily, and with Effect, rests,
Your humble Servant.

At.

At this rate (as the *Weapon-salve* heales) he wounds at a distance ; But if you are come-at-able, (as he calls it) he will rack the very Soul of you ; for he attends you as duly as your Shadow, and proves as constant a Tormentor as a Guilty Conscience to a Murderer: You can neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor walk in quiet for him. Indeed the Tenter-hooks he puts a man upon, are enough to stretch the tenderest Conscience, and warp the best nature in the World ; for when he will not be satisfied with *Truth*, you are forc'd to tell him what *is not so*, to get rid of him ; afterwards by incessant Importunities, he provokes you to swear at him ; and at last, by degrees, hardens you into a Resolution, *never to pay him*. Thus we may call him the Devils Usher, that tempts people from Lying to Swearing, from that to Dishonesty, and so improves them from *Form to Form*, in the School of wickedness, till they are fitted for the *Academy of Hell*.

Etymologists think he is called a *Dunn*, by Antiphrasis. because he will never have done bawling o: (as others
Write)

write) takes the Appellation from a *quondam* famous Officer of Justice of that name, with whose Nature he sympathizes, and worries a poor man with as little Remorse, as that *Newgate* Squire could a Traitor. His Faith is enough to make one turn Infidel, for he uses none so bad as those he trusts; Nor can he be counted a Christian, since his Charity both begins and ends at home. And if ever he says his Prayers, he skips over that Petition, *Forgive us our Debts, as we forgive our Debtors*, in the *Pater Noster*, as silly as a Phanatick does the Article of *Believing in the Catholick Church*, in the *Creed*. He is commonly early up, and never the near; for he wakes a man in a morning, before the *Lark* is up to chaunt her Mattins, and a Guard of *Switzers* cannot keep him out of ones Chamber; alledging Business, Physick, sleep or sickness, cannot divert his Persecutions: And 'tis happy for him that doors cannot maintain Actions of *Assault and Battery*. He beats up your Quarters so often, that they quickly learn to *deny you* at home; but if he chance to find you at any of your Haunts,

Haunts, he makes you believe 'twas by the meekest Accident, though he have waited *right and forty* hours on purpose. However he is *heartily glad to see you*, (that's the only Truth you shall have of him) and shaking you by the hand, he asks you, --- *What News?* But before you can answer, out comes the *little money between us*. Then Lord bless him! *Times are so hard, and money was never so scarce since Adam wore Fig-leav'd Breeches!* His Creditors are *sourgent*, they won't be put off, but he must forthwith make up a Sum, and therefore if you cannot help him to all, spare him but a little, for five pound now will do him as much good, as fifty another time; Nay, 'twil be as great a favour, as if you gave it him out of your Purse, &c. With this rally of Rhetorick, the blushing Debtor is Non-plust, and Promises as many Impossibilities, as a *Quack Doctor*, or a trembling *Cully*, under the Terrors of a *Bully Rampant*; only silently wishes, he had a handful of *Guinnies* to beat out his brains with; for he is as much afraid of him as a *fancy Prentice* of meeting a Gentleman at
White.

White-Hall whom he hath affronted in the City; This makes him shun the place where he lives, as bad as a Pest-house; And (if we may credit an experienc'd Author) when he is to pass from *Algate* to *Covent-Garden*, and the low ebb in his Pocket will not suffer him to go by water, he must first trot down to *Tower-hill*, thence strike up to *Norton-Falgate*; then down again to *Queen-hive*, thence up to *Charter-house Yard*, from thence to *Salisbury Court*, and so to *Red-Lyon-Fields*, before he can reach *Drury-Lane* in Safety; and yet for all this caution, his head stands awry, with continual looking about.

Yet take them both together, they are two of the greatest Hypocrites in Nature; for though behind one anothers backs they rail each at other, as bad as a Weaver against a *Frenchman*, yet when they meet, they are so glad to see one another! And truly, I have ever found you very civil to me, says one; and I can't in the least question your honesty, says the other; when the short of it is, 'tis forty to one, but one of them will prove a rank Knave; The

Creditor

Creditor, if ever he be paid ; or the Debtor, if he never pay.

II.

Of a Serjeant, or Baylis, and his Setting-Cur.

THE first, is a kind of *Excrescence* of the Law, like our Nails, made only to *scratch* and *claw* : A sort of Bird lime ; where he lays hold, he hangs ; a Raven that picks not out mens *Eyes*, as others do, but all his spight is at their *shoulders* ; and you had better have the Night-Mare ride you, than this *Incubus*. He is one of *Dencalion's* By-blows, begotten of a *Stone*, and has taken an Oath never to pity *Widow* nor *Orphan*. His first business is to bait you for money for his (confounded) *civility* ; next, to call for Drink as fast as men for Buckets of Water in a *Conflagration* : After which, becoming grave and serious, he advises you in revenge to *Arrest* the Plaintiff, and offers to do it ; with or without cause ; 'tis all one to him, if he perceive you have Money. His

His *Follower* is an Hanger that he wears by his side; a false Dye of the same Ball, but not the same Cut, for it runs somewhat higher, inflames the Reckoning, and so does more mischief. He's a Tumbler that drives in the Cones; but is yet but a Bungler, and knows not how to *cut up* a man without tearing, unless by a pattern. This is the Hook that hangs under water to choak the Fish, and his Officer the Quill above, which pops down as soon as ever the Bait is swallowed. Tho differing in degree, they are both much of a complexion, only the Teeth of this *latter* are more sharp, and he more hungrey, because he does but snap, and hath not his full *Half-share of the Booty*. A main part of his Office is to swear and bluster at their trembling Prisoners, and cry, *Confound us, why do we wait? let's shop him*: Whilst the other meekly replies, *Jack be patient, 'tis a civil Gentleman, and I know will consider us*: Which Species of wheedlings in Terms of their Art, is called *Sweeten and Pinch*. The Eyes of these Wolves are as quick in their Heads, as a *Cut-purses* in a Throng; and

and as nimble are they at their business, as an *Hang-man* at an Execution. They'll court a *broken Pate*, to heal it with a plaister of *Green wax*, and suck more Silver out of a Wound, than a Chyrurgion. Yet as these Eels are generally bred out of the mud of a Bankrupt, so they commonly dye with their *Guts* ript up, or are decently run through the Lungs ; and as they liv'd hated, die unpitied. We speak here of those only that abuse the intentions of the Law, and act Oppression under the Colour of serving common Justice.

III.

Of a Paun-Broker.

AN Unconscionable Paun-Broker, (for there are conscionable dealers in that way, that are a Relief and Comfort to the Poor, and those are not concern'd in this Character ;) an unconscionable Paun-Broker, I say, is *Pluto's Factor*, *Old Nick's Warehouse-keeper*

keeper, an *English Jew*, that lives and grows fat on Fraud and Oppression, as Toads on filth and venom; whose Practice outvies *Usury*, as much as *Incest* simple Fornication; and to call him a *Tradesman*, must be by the same Figure that *Pikpockets* stile their *Legerdemain* an *Art and Mystery*. His Shop like Hell gates, is always open, where he sits at the Receipt of Custom, like *Cacas* in his Den, ready to devour all that is brought him; and having gotten your *Spoils*, hangs them up in *Rank and File*, as so many *Trophies of Victory*. Hither all sorts of Garments resort in Pilgrimage, whilst he playing the *Pimp*, lodges the *Tabby Petticoat* and *Russet Breeches* together in the same *Bed of Lavender*. He is the Treasurer of the Thieves *Exchequer*, the common Fender of all *Bulkers* and *Shop-lifts* in the Town. To this purpose he keeps a private Warehouse, and Ships away the ill gotten goods by wholesale; dreading nothing so much, as that a *Convict* should honestly confess how he dispos'd the moveables. He is a kind of Disease quite contrary to the *Gout*; for

for as that haunts the rich, so this mainly torments the poor, and scarce leaves them so much as a primitive Figleaf to cover their Nakedness. Mrs *Jone*, when she is minded to see her Sweet-heart, and Gammer *Blew-bottle* going to a Christening, muster up the Pence o'th' Saturday Night, to redeem their best Rigging out of Captivity; but on Monday morning infallibly bring them back (like Thieves that had only made an escape) to the old *Limbs*: and this so often, till at last they know the way, and can go to *Pawn* alone by themselves. Thus they are forc'd to purchase the same Cloathes seven times over: and for want of a Chest to keep them in at home, it costs thrice as much as they are worth for their lodging in his custody. When they come in, like other Prisoners, they first pay Garnish, the *Two pences* for Entrance money; after this, *Sixpence* a Month for every twenty Shillings lent, (which yet indeed is but 19s 6d.) that is (according to their Reckoning of thirteen Months to the Year) six shillings and six pence Interest for one pound for a
Year.

Year ; which makes thirty three pounds, six shillings and eight pence in the hundred, viz. one third part of the Principle, and just 27l.-6s.-8d. more than the Statute allows ; besides twelve pence for a *Bill of Sale*, if the matter be considerable. So that since they never lend half the value on any thing that is brought them, if a Pawn-Broker lay out an hundred pounds, he first makes near forty *per Annum* Advantage certain, as aforesaid : And then considering how many Thieves, &c. (their chief Customers that bring the lumping Bargains) never intend to redeem, and how many Poor are not able (especially since as soon as the Year and day expire, they presently dispose their Pawns, or pretend to do so) we may reasonably conclude, that these Horse-leeches make *Cent per Cent.* at least of their money in a Year : And all this by a course tending only to the encouragement of Thieves, and ruine of those that are honest, but Indigent.

IV.

Of a P R I S O N.

A Prison is the Grave of the Living, where they are shut up from the World and their Friends; and the Worms that Gnaw upon them, are their own Thoughts and the Jaylor. 'Tis a House of Meagre looks, and ill smells, for Lice, Drink and Tobacco, are the Compound; *Pluto's Court* was exprest from this fancy. And the Persons are much about the same Party that is there. You may ask, as *Manippus* in *Lucan*, which is *Nireus*? which *Thersites*? which the Beggar? which the Knight? For they are all suited in the same form of a kind of Nasty Poverty; only to be out at Elbows is in fashion here, and 'tis a great Indecorum not to be Threadbare. Every Man shews here like so many Wrecks upon the Sea, here the Ribs of a Thousand Pounds. and here the Relick of so many Mannours, is a Doublet without Buttons; and 'tis a spectacle of more pity then Executions

ons are. The Company one with another is but a vying of complaints, and the causes they have to rail on Fortune, and fool themselves; and there is a great deal of good fellowship in this. They are commonly, next their Creditors, most bitter against the Lawyers, as Men that have had a great stroke in assisting them thither. Mirth here is stupidity or hard-heartedness, yet they feign it sometimes, to shun Melancholy, and keep off themselves from themselves, and the torment of thinking what they have been. Men huddle up their life here as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old Suit, the faster the better; and he that deceives the Time best, best spends it. It is the place where new commers are most welcomed, and next them ill News, as that which extends their Fellowship in Misery, and leaves few to insult; and they breathe their discontents more securly here, and have their Tongues at more liberty than their Bodies. Men see here much Sin and Calamity, and when the last does not mortifie, the other hardens; and those that are wicked here, are despe-

rately wicked, as those from whom the horror of Sin is taken off, and the punishment Familiar. And commonly a hard thought passes on all that come from this School: Which though it teach much Wisdom, it is too late, and with danger: And it is better to be a fool, then to come here to learn it.

V.

Of a T A V E R N.

A Tavern is a degree, or (if you will) a pair of Stairs above an Ale-houle, where men are Drunk with more Credit. If the Vintners Nose be at the door, it is a Sign sufficient, but the absence of this is supply'd by a Bush: The Rooms are ill breathed, like the Drunkards that have been well washt over Night, and are smelt to fasting next morning, not furnished with Beds apt to be defiled, but more necessary Implements, Chairs, Tables, and a Chamber-pot. It is a broacher of more News then Hogs-heads,

heads, and more Jests then News; which are suckt up here by some spongy Brain, and from thence squeez'd into a Comedy. Men come here to make merry, but indeed make a Noise, and this Musick above, is answer'd with the Chatting below. The Drawers are the chiefest People in it: Men of *good bringing up*; and howsoever we esteem of them, none can boast more justly of their *High Calling*. It is the best Theater of Natures, where they are truly acted, not plaid; and the business, as in the rest of the World, up and down; that is, from the bottom of the Cellar to the Great Chamber. A Melancholy Man would find matter to work upon, to see Heads as brittle as Glasses, and as often broken. Men come hither to quarrel, and come hither to be made friends. It is the common Consumption of the Afternoon, and the Murderer or Maker away of a Rainy day. It is the *Torrid Zone* that scorches the Face, and Tobacco the Gun-powder that blows it up. A House of Sin you may call it, but not a House of Darknes, for the Candles are never out; and it is like those

Countries far in the North, where it is as clear at Mid-night as at Mid-day. After a long sitting, it becomes like a Street in a dashing shower, where the Spouts are flushing above, and the Conduits running below, while the Jordans, like swelling Rivers, overflow their Banks. To give the total reckoning of it, 'Tis the Busie mans Recreation, the Idle mans Business, the Melancholy mans Sanctuary, the Inns-a-Court-mans Entertainment, the Schollars Kindness, and the Citizens Courtesie. It is the Study of Sparkling Wits, and a Cup of Canary their Book, where we leave them.

VI.

Of a S C O L D

A Rank Scold is a Devil of the Female Gender; a *Serpent* perpetually a hissing and spitting of Venom; a Composition of *Ill-nature* and *Clamour*. You may call her animated *Gun-powder*, a walking Mount-*Aetna*, that is always belching forth flames of Sulphur.

Sulphur. A Burr about the Moon, is not half so certain a presage of a *Tempest* at Sea, as her *Brow* is of a *Storm* on Land. And though *Laurel*, *Hawthorn*, and *Seal-Skin* are held preservatives against *Thunder*, Magick has not been able to find out any *Amulet* so sovereign as to still her Ravings: for like Oyl pour'd on flames, good words do but make her rage the faster; and when once her Flag of Defiance, the Tippet, is unfurl'd, she cares not a straw for Constable nor Cucking-stool.

Her Tongue is the *Clapper* of the Devils *Saints-Bell*, that Rings all-in to confusion. It runs round like a Wheel, one Spoke after another, and makes more *Noise* and *Jangling*, than Countrey-steeple on the fifth of *November*.

If she be of the preciser cast, she abuses *Sacred Language* in her Railing, as Conjurers do in their Charms; calls her Neighbours *Heathen Edomites*, her Husband *Reprobate*, or *Son of Belial*; and will not Cudgel her Maid without a Text for't. But now I speak of Husband, methinks I see the creeping

Snail, shivering in an Ague-fit when he comes in her presence. She is worse then Cow-itch in his Bed, and as good as a Chafing-dish at Board: But has either quite forgot his *Name*, or else she likes it not; which makes her Re-baptize him with more noble Titles, as *White-liver'd Raskal*, *Drunken Sor*, *Sneaking Nickompoop*, or *Pi'iful Low-sey Tom Fartbing*. Thus she worries him out of his Sences at home, and then ferrets his Haunts abroad worse than a Needy Bawd does a decay'd Bully's. In a word, *A Virulent Scold* is her Neighbours Perpetual Disquiet, her Families Evil Genius, her Husbands Ruine, and her own daily Tormentor: And that you may the better know her Pedigree, I'll give you a serious account of the Receipt or Method made use of for her Production into the World, lately found in a long-concealed Manuscript of *Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus*; as follows, viz.

Nature to form a *Scold* first took of the Tongues and Gills of *Bulls*, *Bears*, *Wolves*, *Magpies*, *Parrots*, *Cuckows*, and *Nightingals*, of each alike number:

The

The Tongues and Tails of *Vipers*,
Adders, *Snakes*, and *Lizards*, seven a
piece : *Aurum Fulminans*, *Aqua-Fortis*
and *Gun-powder*, of each one pound :
The *Clappers* of *Nineteen Bells*, and
the *Pestles* of a *Dozen Apothecaries*
Mortars. Which being all mixt, she
Calcin'd in Mount *Strombello*, and dis-
solv'd the *Ashes* in a *Water* distill'd
just under *London Bridge* at three
quarters Flood, and Filtrated it
through the *Leaves* of *Calapines* Di-
ctionary, to render the Operation
more verbal. After which, she di-
still'd it again through a *Speaking-*
Trumpet, and clos'd up the remaining
Spirits in the Mouth of a *Cannon*.
Then she open'd the *Graves* of all new-
deceased *Pettifoggers*, *Mountebanks*,
Barbers, *Coffet-News-Mongers*, and
Fish-Wives; and with the skin of their
Tongues made a *Bladder* cover'd o're
with *Drum-heads*, and fill'd with
Storms, *Tempests*, *Whirlwinds*, *Thun-*
ders, *Lightnings*, &c. These for bet-
ter Incorporation, she set seven years
in a *Rough Sea* to ferment, and then
mixing them with the rest, rectified
the whole three times a day for a

Twelve months in a Balnea of Quick-silver. Lastly, to Irradiate the whole Elixir, and make it more Churlish, she cut a vein under the Tongue of the *Dog-star*, drawing thence a pound of the most choleric Blood; from which Sublimating the Spirits, she mixt them with the Foam of a Mad-Dog; and then, putting all together in the forementioned Bladder, sticht it up with the Nerves of *Socrates's* Wife. Out of this notable Preparatory, Dame Nature compos'd a *Shrew*.

VII.

Of a BAD HUSBAND.

A *Bad Husband*, is an inconsiderate piece of *sottish* Extravagance. For though he consists of several ill Ingredients, yet still *Good-fellowship*, is the *Causa sine qua non*, and gives him the *Ho-go*: He is the *Wise Mans* Scorn, the *Shirks* Exchequer, and the wheedling Hostesses *Honest Man*; The *Morb* of an Estate, the *Shipwrack* of a Family.

ly, or a mischeif *Three-story-high*; for he scandalizes his Ancestors, ruins himself, and *strangles* the hopes of all his *Posterity*. He throws away his Wealth as heartily as young Heirs, or old Philosophers; and is so eager of a *Goal*, or a Mumpers *Waller*, that he will not weight Fortunes *leisure* to undoe him, but rides Post to *Baggers-Bush*; and takes more pains to spend money, then Day-labourers to get it; whilst still his word is, *Let's not pinch whilst we have it, since 'tis time enough to want when we have it not.*

He knows no difference between Prodigality and Liberality, but is so foolishly free, that he dries up the Springs of Bounty, by cutting down the Banks, and letting the Streams run at waste. If he pretends to Gentility; he thinks he can no way make good that Title, but by paying (where ever he comes) all the whole Reckoning; and every Rascal that can but cry, *My Noble Master, is Master of his whole Purse*; which sacking Vermin continually flutter about him, as thick as Flies in a Confectioners-shop. If he go to Market, 'tis but to purchase

chase a Fox; and two days after returns, having only truckt away his Corn for Drink, and put off his Cattle to make him a greater Beast.

His first business after Marriage, is to pay Ale-house Scores with his Wives Portion; and his next, to Pawn her Clothes for supplies of fresh Debauchery. If he be a Citizen, he counts his Shop a Prison, till at last he is Shop'd in a Prison indeed. He pretends always extraordinary business abroad, and must needs go to the Exchange; when he has nothing to do there, *But change Shillings into Sixpences, and reduce Guineys into Farthings.* He still cries, 'Tis too soon to go home yet; and will trudge a mile about, rather than come near his own door, for fear he should be oblig'd to come in before his hour, which is mid-night, or past; for if he goes home before, he says, *He can never sleep well.* He is an Hog'shead set up upon two stumps, fit for nothing but to hold strong Drink; and if he be not at the Pot, is like a Fish out of Water, that does nothing but Gape. He thinks Nature gave him a Mouth not so much to Speak, as

to take off his Liquor; and his only enquiry is, *Where dwells the best Sack and Claret?* He is a passionate lover of Morning Draughts, which he generally continues till Dinner-time; a rigid exacter of *Num-Groats*, and Collector-General for *Foys* and *Biberidg*: He admires the Prudence of that Apothegm, *Let's drink first*; and wou'd rather sell 20 per Cent. to loss, than make a dry Bargain. You shall infallibly find him and his Tribe about the *fag-end* of the day at *Rendezvouz*, like a *Constellation* fixt in the lower Region of a known Tavern, where their *Noses* appear like *Comets*, that evermore portend excessive *Draughts*: They go in upon Parol not to exceed *Three-pences*, but seldom come out under a *Half-Crown-Club*: and their *Noise* (for *Discourse* you cannot call it) is more *Non-sensical* and *impertinent* than a *She-Quakers* Sermon, or the *Tables* of an *Upsitting*. As soon as they are accommodated with a private Room, an half Pint, (for so they modestly begin) some clean Pipes, and a *Jordan*; their first Argument is the *goodness* of the *Wine*, which being voted a *Flower*, produces

next

next a *Bottle*; and then *News* is the Subject of debate; or for want of that, who was most *drunk* the night before, or reel'd home with the greatest *Gravity* and *Decorum*. Tho' they live like *Publicans*, yet they imitate *Pharisees* in their exactness of making clean the *inside of the Glass*; and their strictest Criticisms are, *See it go round, and take it off, Sir.*

In this sweet Society, our trusty *Trojan* bears his part, till he has not Discretion enough left to know at which end to *light his Pipe*; then staggering away, (if he escape the *Compten*) 'tis forty to one, but he meets with some little *Town-Baggage*, who picks his Pocket, and in Requital, bestows upon him a swinging *Clap*. In the mean time the good Woman at home sits lamenting till twelve at night, over a piece of *mouldy Bread*, and a draught of *Rot-gut*; and the Children are fain to go to Bed without their *Supper*, because the vile *Milk woman* is grown faithless: At last, when her precious Husband comes with a Breath that stinks with *Canary* and *Tobacco*, worse then *Hell* of

Briar.

Brimstone; he perhaps picks a causeless quarrel, gives her a remembrance, with a *Bed-staff*, that she is forc'd to wear the *Northumberland-Arms* a week after; which the good natur'd Soul must excuse; by pretending an unlucky *Fall*, or blaming an innocent *Door-latch* for the injury. But put case he go peaceably to Bed, what comfort is to be expected from such a *Swine*?

VIII.

Of a TOWN-FOP

THE *Town-Fop* is one that plays *Rex* where ever he comes, and makes as much hurry as *Robin-good-fellow* of old, amongst our *Granams Milk-bowls*; he is a kind of a *Squib* on a *Rope*, a *Meteor* compos'd of *Self-conceit* and *Noise*, that by *blazing* and *cracking* engages the wonder of the Ignorant, till on a sudden he vanishes and leaves a *stench*, if not *infection* behind him; he is too often the *stain* of

of a good Family, and by his *Debauched* life blots the noble *Coat* of his *Ancestors* : A wild unback'd Colt, whose *Brains* are not half *codled*, indebted for his *Cloaths* to his *Taylor*, and for his *Wit* (such as it is) to his *Company* : The School had no sooner indued him with a few *Superficial* besprinklings, but his Mothers *Indulgence* posted him to *Town* for *Genteeler* breeding, where three or four wild *Companions*, half a dozen bottles of *Burgundy*, two leaves of *Leviathan*, a brisk encounter with his *Landlords* *Glass-windows*, the charms of a little *Miss*, and the sight of a new *Play*, dub'd him at once both a *Wit* and a *Hero* ; ever since he values himself mainly for understanding the *Town*, and indeed knows most things in it that are not *worth knowing* : The two *Poles* wherein all his discourses turn, are *Atheism* and *Bawdry*, bar him from being prophane and obscene, and you *cramp* his *Ingenuity*, which forthwith *flags* and becomes *useless*, as a meer *common-Lawyer*, when he has cross'd the *Channel*.

He is so refractory to *Divinity*, that *Morality* it self cannot hold him : He affirms.

affirms humane Nature, knows no such things as *Principles* of good or evil; and will swear, *all Women are Whores*, though his *Mother* and *Sister* stand by; whatsoever is *sacred* or *serious*, he seeks to render *ridiculous*, and thinks *Government* and *Religion* fit objects for his idle and fantastick *Buffoonry*: His *humour* is proud and assuming, as if he would palliate his ignorance by *scoffing* at what he understands not; and therefore with a *pert* and *pragmatick* scorn, deprecates all things of nobler moment, but most passionately affects pretty *All-a-mode words*, and is as covetous of a *new Song* or *Ayre*, as an *Antiquary* of *Cato's Statue*, with never an *Arm*, and but half a *Nose*; these keep him always imploy'd, and fill up the *Grotesco's* of his *Conversation*, whilst with a stately *Gallantry*, once in every half hour he *Combs* out his *Wig*, *Carreens* his *Brechees*, and new *Marshals* his *Garniture*, to the Tune of, *Methinks the poor Town has been troubled too long*.

His mind used to whistle up and down in the levities of *Fancy*, and effeminated by the childish *Toying* of a
rampant

rampant imagination, finds it self indisposed for all solid imployment, especially the serious exercises of *Piety* and *Virtue*, which begets an Aversion to those *lovely Beauties*, and that prompts him on all occasions to expose them as ridiculous and vain: Hence by degrees he comes to abuse *sacred Scripture*, makes a mock of *Eternal Flames*, joques on the venerable mysteries of *Religion*; and in fine, scoffs at that *All-Glorious* and *Tremendous Majesty*, before whom his Brother *Wits* below tremble. 'Tis true, He will not confess himself *Atheist*, yet in his heart the Fool hath said it, and boasts aloud, that he holds his *Gospel* from the *Apostle of Malmsbury*, though it is more then probable he ne'er read, at least understood, Ten leaves of that *unlucky Author*. Talk of *Witches*, and you tickle him; speak of *Spirits*, and he tells you he knows none better then those of *Wine*; name but *Immaterial Essence*, and he shall flout at you as a dull Fop, incapable of Sense, and unfit for Conversation; Nor is he better pleas'd, then when he can here hedge in some *raw Divine*, to Bull-bait with
Scurrili-

Scurrility and all kind of Prophane-
ness.

By means of some small scraps of *Learning*, matcht with a far greater stock of *Confidence*, a voluble *Tongue*, and a bold *Delivery*, he has the ill luck to be celebrated by the *Vulgar*, for a man of *Parts*; which Opinion gains credit to his *Insolences*, and sets him on further *Extravagances* to maintain his Title of a *Wit*, by continuing his practice of *Fooling*; whereas, all his mighty parts are sum'd up in this Inventory: *Imprimis*, A *Pedling way of Fancy*, a *lucky hit at Quibbling*, now and then an odd *Metaphor*, a *conceited Irony*, a *ridiculous Simile*, a *Wild Fetch*, an *unexpected Inference*, a *Mimick-Gesture*, a *pleasing knack in humouring a Tale*; and lastly, an *irresistable Resolution of speaking last*, and never be dasht out of Countenance.

By these *Arts*, dexterously manag'd, he engrosses a vast *Repute*: The grave *Citizen* calls him *shrew'd man*, and notable *Head-piece*; the *Ladies* (we mean the things so call'd of his acquaintance) vote him a most *accomplisht Gentleman*, and the *Blades* swear he
is

is a walking *Comedy*, the only *Merry Andrew* in the *Age*, that scatters *Wit* where ever he comes, as *Beggars* do *Lice*, or *Musk-cats* *Perfumes*; and that nothing in *Nature* can compare with him.

You would think he had gotten the *Lullian Art*, for he speaks *Extempore* on all Subjects, and ventures his words without the relief of *Sense* to second them; his thoughts start from his *Imagination*, and he never troubles himself to examine their decency, or solidity by *Judgment*; to discourse him seriously, is to read the *Ethicks* to a *Monkey*, or make an *Oration* to *Caligula's Horse*, whence you can only expect a *Wee-hee*, or *Jadish-spurn*; after the most convincing arguments, if he can but muster up one pausible *Foque*, you are routed. For he that understood not your *Logick*, apprehends his *Drill*, and though *Syllogisms* may be answer'd, yet *Jests* and loud *Laughter* can never be confuted, but have more sway to degrade things with the unthinking *Croud*, then *Demonstrations*; there being a Root of envy in too many men, that invites them to applaud that

that which exposes and villifies what they cannot comprehend: He pretends great skill in curing the *Tetter*s and *Ring-worms* of State, but blows in the sores till they rankle with his poysonous Breath; he shoots *Libels* with his forked *Tongue* at his *Superiors*, and abuses his dearest *Friends*, chusing to forfeit his Neck to the *Gibbet*, or his Shoulders to the *Battoon*, rather than lose the driest of his idle *Quibbles*. In brief, He is the *Jack-Pudding* of Society, a *Fleering Baffoon*; a better kind of *Ape*, in the Judgment of all wise men; but an incomparable *Wit*, in his own.

IX.

Of a *BAWD*.

A *Bawd*, is an old *Char-cole* that hath been burnt her self, and therefore is able to kindle a whole *Green Coppice*. The burden of her Song is like that of *Fryer Bacons Head*, *Time is, Time was, Time is past*; in repeating of which, she makes a wicked
Bra-

Brazen face, and weeps in the cup, to allay the heat of her *Aqua-vita*. Her Teeth are falln out; marry her Nose and Chin, intend very shortly to be friends and meet about it. Her years are fixty and odd; that she counts her best time of Trading; for a *Bawd* is *Enga Medlar*, she's not ripe, till she be rotten. Her envy is like that of the Devil; To have all fair women like her: and because 'tis impossible they should catch it being so young, she hurries them to it by Diseases. Her *Park* is a villanous barren ground; and all the Dear in it are Rascals: Yet poor *Cottagers* in the Countrey (that know her but by hear-say) think well of her, for what she incloses to day, she makes common to morrow; her goods and herself are all removed in one sort, only she makes bold to take the upper hand of them, and *be carted before them*; the thoughts of which makes her she cannot endure a *Poffet*, because it puts her in mind of a *Bason*. She sits continually at a *Rack-rent*; especially, if her *Landlord* bear office in the Parish: for her moveables in the house; (besides her quick Cattle) they are not worth

an *Inventory*, only her beds are most commonly in Print: She hath only this one shew of *Temperance*, that let a Gentleman send for ten Bottles of wine in her house, he shall have but five quarts; and if he want that way, let him pay for't, and take it out--&c. Nothing joys her so much as the coming over of *Strangers*, nor daunts her so much as the approach of *Shrove-Tuesday*. In short, not to foul more paper with so foul a Subject, he that hath past under her, hath past the *Equinoctial*; he that hath scap't her, hath scap't worse than the *Calenture*.

X.

Of a Fair and happy Milk-Maid.

A Happy *Milk-Maid*, is a Country Wench, that is so far from making her self Beautifull by Art, that one look of her is able to beat all *Face-Painting* out of Countenance. She knows a fair look is but a *dumb Orator* to commend Vertue, therefore minds it

it not? All her excellencies stand in her, so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledg. The lining of her Apparel (which is her self) is far better than Outfides of *Tis-
sew*; For though she be not Arrayed in the spoil of the *Silk-worm*; she is Deckt in *Innocence*; a far better Wearing. She doth not, with lying long a bed, spoil both her *Complexion* and *Conditions*; Nature hath taught her, that, too *Immoderate sleep is Rust to the Soul*: She rises, therefore, with the *Lark*, and goes to bed with the *Lamb*. In Milking a *Cow*, and straining the *Teats* through her *Fingers*, it seems as if so sweet a Milk-press, made the Milk the sweeter and the whiter; for never came *Perfumed Glove* or *Aromaticke Oymment* on her Palm to taint it. The Golden Ears of Corn fall to kiss her Feet when she reaps them, as if they wisht to be Bound and led Prisoners by the same Hand that fell'd them. Her Breath is her own, which smells all the Year long as in *June*, like a *New-made Hay-Cock*. She makes her Hand hard with Labour, and her Heart soft with Pity; and when Winter

ter Evenings fall early (sitting at her merry Wheel, she sings a Defiance to the giddy *Wheel of Fortune*. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems *Ignorance* will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her Years Wages at next Fair; and in Chusing her Garments, counts no bravery i'th' World like *Decency*. The *Garden* and *Bee-hive* are all her *Physick* and *Chyrurgery*, and she lives the longer for't. She dares goe alone, and unfold Sheep i'th' Night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is always accompanied with old *Songs*, *honest Thoughts*, and *Prayers*, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pall'd with insuing Idle thoughts. Lastly, her Dreams are so chaste, that she dares tell them: only a Fridays Dream is all her *superstition*; that she conceals for fear of Anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the *Spring-time*, that she may have store of Flowers strowed upon her Corps.

XI.

The Quacks Directory.

HAVING observed the Prodigious
success of Modern *Quackery*, and
 that the Practice of it is lately become
 a *last shift*, more common and thriving
 too, than selling of *Ale*, or setting
 up a *Coffee-House*. And finding
 still abundance of *indigent Idle* People,
 that could never make their outward
Handicrafts fadge to purpose, who
 would be glad to exchange 'em for so
 genteel and advantagious an Employ,
 had they but the secret *knack*, where-
 by other Bankrupts with small pains
 and less parts, have in an instant raised
 themselves from Beggary, to competent
 Estates. Out of our great respect
 to such hearty well-willers to
 so secure and gainfull a Science; we
 have thought fit to unfold the whole
Mystery; as 'tis this day practised
 with so much profit and applause.
 Draw neer then with attention, all you
 decayed *Ragamuffins* of the Town;
 you by whole Dulness, no Mechanick
 Mystery.

Mystery but scorns to be Master'd,
whom neither *Sea* nor *Gibbet* will ac-
cept; we'll put you in a way of feed-
ing your selves and the Worms too:
Honest no doubt, because *common* and
safe; for why, your miscarriages shall
never be heard for the *Dinn* of *Knells*
you shall occasion---But to deliver
our Documents in order:

First, To pass for currant, you
have no more to do but to call your
selves Doctors; *Pliny* hath affirm'd it
before: And though I neither expect
nor desire you shou'd understand *La-
tin*, yet because a scrap may do you a
kindness, one time or other to swag-
ger with, I'll give it you in his own
Language: *Hac sola Arte, evenit quad-
cunque Se Medicum dicenti facile cre-
datur, Cum sit periculum in nullo Men-
dacio Majus*. In this Art alone it
comes to pass, that any one but pro-
fessing himself a Physician, is presently
believed; tho' in no case the belief of
a lye be more dangerous. I have *En-
glish* this for the benefit of those that
do not understand Latin; and I have
no quarrel at all against those that do.

However, In the second place to

support this Title; there are several things very convenient: Of which some are External *Accoutrements*, others Internal *Qualifications*.

Your outward Requisites, are a decent *Black-suit*, and (if your credit will stretch so far in *Long-Lane*) a *Plush-Jacket*; not a Pin the worse, though Thread-bare as a *Taylor's Cloak*; it shows the more reverend Antiquity.

Secondly, Like *Mercury*, you must always carry a *Caduceus* or *Conjuring-Japan* in your Hand, capt with a *Civet-Box*; with which you must walk with *Spanish Gravity*, as in deep Contemplation upon an Arbitrament between *Life* and *Death*.

Thirdly, A convenient Lodging, not forgetting a *Hatch* at the Door: A Chamber hung either with *Dutch Pictures*, or *Looking-Glasses*, belitter'd with Urinals or empty Gallipots, and Vials fill'd with Tap-droppings or Fair-water, colour'd with *Saunders*; any Sexton will furnish your Window with a *Skull*, in hope of your custom; over which hang up the *Skeleton* of a *Monkey*, to proclaim your skill in *Anatomy*. Fourth-

Fourthly, Let your *Table* be never without some old musty *Greek* or *Alex-bick* Author, and the 4th Book of *Cornelius Agrippa's Occult Philosophy*, wide open, to amuse spectators; with half a dozen of *Guilt Shilling*, as so many *Guineys* received that morning for *Fees*.

Fifthly, Fail not to oblige Neighbouring Ale-houses, to recommend you to Inquirers; and hold correspondence with all the *Nurses* and *Midwives* near you, to applaud your skill, at Gossipings.

Now to your necessary Qualifications, they are in general two, viz. *Loquacity* or *Talkativeness*, and *Impudence*.

As for the first, 'Tis a mighty *Setter-off* amongst the *Vulgar*: Be sure therefore you learn to pronounce *Op-pilation* and *Obstruction* of the *Spleen*, and *Schirrhus* of the *Liver*, with a full Mouth; at least speak hard Words, though never so wretchedly *misap-plied*, and obscure common ordinary things in *Terms of Art*, (for all the use you are to make of such *Terms*, is the same *Juglers* do of *Hicinus Doctius* and

Presto, to amuse Peoples Brains while you pick their Pockets.) If you can but get so far as to call the Fit of an Ague, a *Paroxysme*, Fits of the Mother, *Histerical Passions*: Thunder out *Sympathetical* and *Anthipatical* Cures: prate of the *Meccanisme* of *Nature*, tho you know no more on't than a Plowman does of Clock-work. Tell 'em of appeasing the irritated *Archeical Microcosmical Monarch*, increasing the *Radical Moisture*, & relieving all the Powers, *Vital, Natural, & Animal*: The admiring Patient shall certainly cry you up for a great Scholard; provided always your nonsense be *fluent*, and mixt with a disparagement of the *Colledge, Graduated Doctors, Book-learn'd Physicians*; against whom you must ever be sure to bring in your high and mighty word *EXPERIENCE*.

But since every man is not endued with the gift of *Tatling*, & 'tis fit you should learn, like a *Dutchman*, to sail with every Wind: If niggardly Nature, or more penurious Education, have not afforded you a *Tongue well-hung*; make a Virtue of necessity, look *Grave and Big*, decline all Discourse; especy-

especially if *Ingenious Men* be by: Tell them *Diseases* are not to be frighted away with words, that you do not come to *Talk* but to *Cure*, &c. This will at once conceal your Ignorance from the Judicious, and increase your esteem for a notable reserv'd *Paty* Fellow, with others. If any ask the cause of their Distempers, or reason of your Prescription, satisfy them both, by producing a List of your *mighty Cures*; wherein if one half be *false*, & the other *hired*, there is no great danger: For he must be a strange inquisitive Infidel, that will not rather believe them, than give himself the trouble of disproving 'em. Which brings me to the 2d property,

A convenient *Audacity*: There is nothing more necessary, nothing more advantageous. Make People believe no Picht-field e'er slew or wounded half so many as you have recover'd; That you have made Death retreat, where Nature was more fiercely beleaguerr'd than ever *Stetin* was, and disappointed him of more *Bits* than *Civil* or *Foreign Wars* have furnish'd him with these Forty Years: That you have even Becken'd Souls back again, that have

that have been some Leagues onward^s their Journey from their Bodies: Boast the wonders you have done at *Leyden* and *Hamburg*, the *Lazzaret* so at *Venice*, and the *Maison de Dieu* at *Paris*: That your Closets are *Immortality-Offices*, and that you can let *Leases of Lives* of a larger Date than a *Suit in Chancery*: Pretend the cure of all Diseases, especially such as are Incurable; and to know which are most *in season*, consult the Bills of Mortality; and next Week vary your *Bill* accordingly.

In particular, Since the whole Art of Physick consists in the *Diagnosticks*, *Prognosticks*; and *Therapenticks*; For the first two you must either pretend to be *Water-curers*, or (which is more abstruse and modish) *Ass-strologers*; *Piss-prophets*, or *Sarr-wizards*; either way will do well enough, and to speak truth, are much of a certainty; In both there is necessary a *Previus pumping*, by apt and wary *Questions*; and their *Answers* handsomely turned into other words, will extremely gratifie the *Patient* or *Querent*. If you practice by the *Urinal*, though

though 'tis as like to discover the colour of a Sick mans Cloaths as his Infirmities; yet a thousand to one but with discreet handling, you may shake it into the *Scurvy*, the *Pox*; or the *Consumption*: Nay you may venture to tell what *Trade* your Patient is of, by his Working-days Water, and if you see but his Sundays-Water, what *Religion* he is of: But if you proceed by the *Scheme*; there is nothing so probable as to say, He is *Bewicht*, under an *Ill-Tongue*: That he has a *Take* upon him, or is *Planet-strucken*, and the Lord of the *Seventh* shews you to be the only Doctor in the World that can help him: Only here beware that you never pronounce a Common-Council-man *with Child*, or a Constable sick of the *Mother*; and in other cases, if your Judgment chance not to hit the Nail on the Head, 'tis but having recourse to necessary Prudence, called by the Superstitious, the Art of *Lying*. As to tell 'em their Stomack is faine out of the place, but you doubt not but to fetch it up again: That they have Straws in their *Lungs* as big as Beams, and their

their *Livers* are wasted with *Venery* and *Drinking*. Then as for *Therapenicks*, if your Medicines be *Galenical*, though never so common, disguise them with strange Names, call *Sena* a *Specifick*, *Methridate* an *Elixar*, *Extractum Rudi* an *Arcanum*, and add a *Nostrum* to *Album Gracum*. But if you would rather betake your self to *Chymical Devices*, and want *Nonsense* to cant their virtues; there are *Phamplets* enough abroad to furnish you. The *Tincture of the Suns-Beard*, the *Powder of the Moons-Horns*; or a *Quintessence* extracted from the *Souls of the Heathen-Gods*; will go off rarely for an *Universal Medicine*; and bubble the simple out of their *Money* first, and their *Lives* afterwards.

But to deal ingeniously, I will teach you a far more ready and curious way, both of finding out and curing all diseases, than has yet been discovered; which is thus: Take two large Sheets of Paper, on one write down (or get the Book-learn'd Scribe that writes your Bills to do for you) the names of all ordinary *Distempers*; on the other

other all celebrated Medicines, whether *Catharticks*, *Diureticks*, *Diaphoreticks*, *Emeticks*. Then when any Patient comes or sends, and you have heard the story, retire a while, telling them a true Physician must first *Study* and then *Prescribe*: In the mean time, by your self, on the Roll of Infirmities, sling a *Dye*, and as many as the chance is, so many Diseases, you may assure them the party has; principally that whereon the *Dye* falls; Then do the same on the Paper of *Remedies*, and Prescribe or Administer that which the *Dye* lights on, to be taken so many times as there are spots on the chance. And if the sick be pain'd in the *Head*, you may easily discourse them into a perswasion that the Disease (or at least the *Cause*) is in their *Hand* or *Toe*: By which *safe* and ingenious course, you shall honestly refer it to *Fortune*, to discover both the Disease and Medicine; whereas others through a *conceited* Knowledge, or unhappy *Ignorance*, render themselves more than *accessary* to the Death of Many.

XII.

Of a Young Enamourist.

HE's one who as soon as he has quitted his School-boys Toys, next Toy he gets is a Mistress, when 'twould make you forswear Love to see how ridiculous he makes it ; and to hear him talk of Gods and Goddesses, you would take him for some Pagan never converted to Christianity. There is nothing so cold as to hear him talk of Flames, nor so dull as his discourse of *Cupids* darts ; and to hear him sigh like a dry Pump, or broken-winded Bellows, you would ne're wonder at *Lapland Witches* affording winds so cheap. Of all Servants he is the necessariest and easiest to content and feed, for he is his Mistress's *Squire*, *Dispencer*, *Laque*, or *Messenger* ; but but above all, her *Fool*, to which he is bound by the Proverb ; *'Tis Impossible to love and be wise* : Mean time, you may feed him cheaper than a *Chamelion*, for a good look serves him a week at least, and he is prouder of holding his Mistress's Busk or Fan, then a School-boy

boy with a Scepter in his hand, playing the Emperours part 1th School; to keep him to which, his Mistress lets him know that 'tis with Love as 'tis with War, which once declared, you are to expect nothing but Hostility; and knows her self, that 'tis with Lovers as it is with Anglers, who feed the Fish e'er they are caught; but caught once, feed on them: whence she bites not greedily at the bait, but craftily tolls him on with hopes, and like a Rope-maker goes backwards still, the better to advance her work, and draws him on; mean while he follows her so long, till either he wax weary and ceases his pursuit, or catches her tripping, and then falls down on her, when fastning her in the Marriage Nooze, he carries her away, and either turns kind *Cuckold*, and keeps open house for all; or jealous *Coxcomb*, and shuts his door against every One.

F I N I S.

K

A Cata-

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